

10¢
No 34
APRIL

FOUR

FULL
48
PAGES

TEENERS



JERRY
THE JINX



CURLY



SORORITY SUIT



DOTTY

CASH
PRIZES
SEE LAST
PAGE



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



can catch a leprechaun...

A leprechaun, according to Irish legend, is a dwarf who keeps a pot of gold hidden away.

If you can catch a leprechaun, your troubles are over.

Because he keeps his gold just for ransom money. If you catch him, he'll quickly tell you where his gold is, so you'll let him go.

The best place to look for a leprechaun is in the woods. They're green, and only about nine inches tall, so you'll have to—

Or maybe you don't believe in leprechauns.

Maybe it would be more practical to just keep working for your money. But you can learn one good lesson from these little fellows.

A small pot of gold put to one side is a great help when trouble catches you.

And there's a much faster and easier way to get your pot of gold than by catching leprechauns.

You can buy U. S. Savings Bonds through an automatic purchase plan.

If you're employed you can sign up for the Payroll Savings Plan. If you have a bank account you can sign up for the Bond-A-Month Plan.

Either way, your pot of gold just saves itself, painlessly and automatically.

And your money increases one third every ten years. That would make a leprechaun turn even greener with envy.

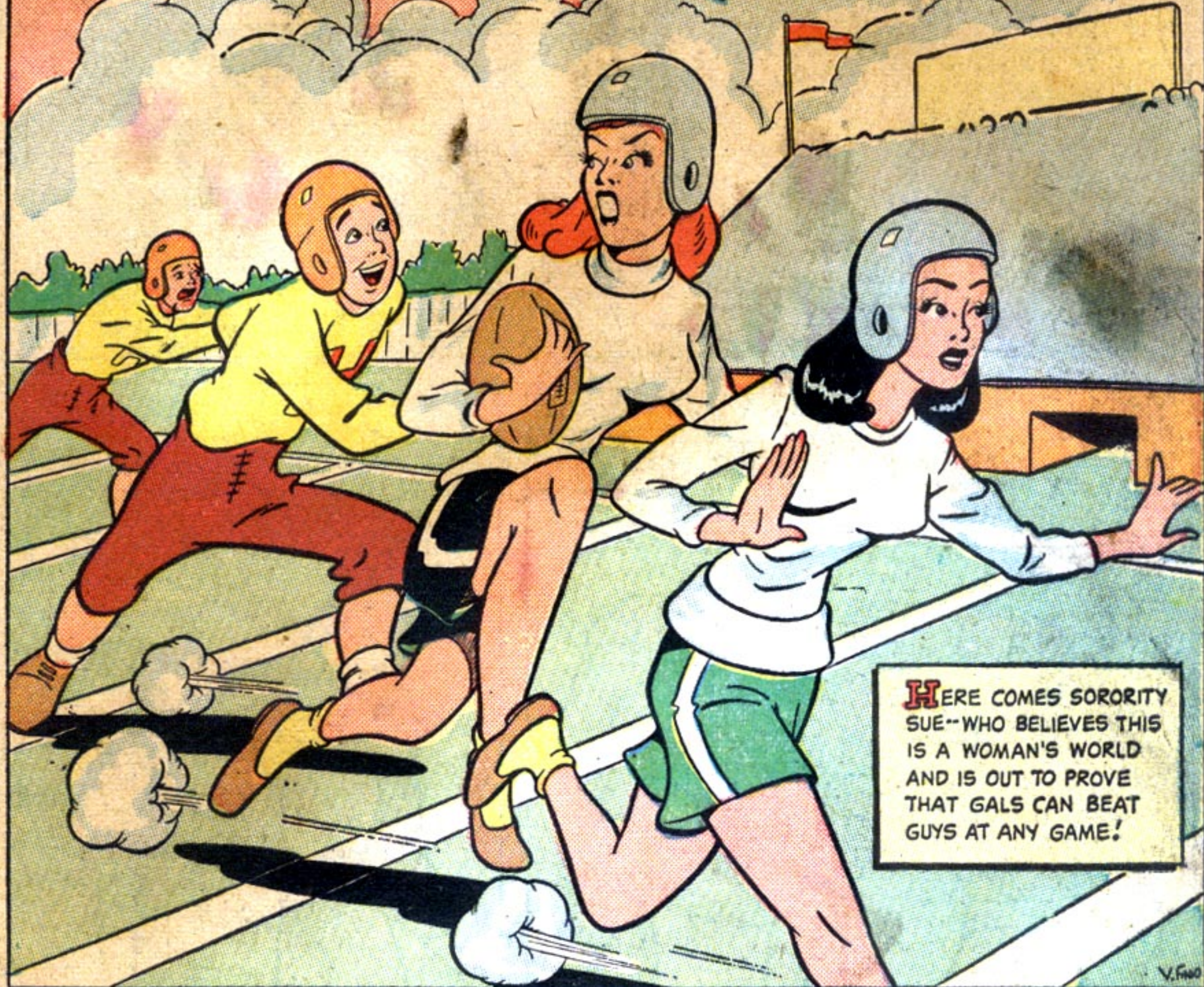
Save the easy, automatic way—with U.S. Savings Bonds

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FOUR TEENERS, April, 1948, No. 34. Published bi-monthly by A. A. Wyn, Inc. Office of Publication, 29 Worthington Street, Springfield 3, Mass. Editorial and Executive Offices, 23 West 47th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Mass., June 28, 1941, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1948 by A. A. Wyn, Inc. Single copies 10c; 12 issues \$1.20. Please send all subscriptions and correspondence to 23 West 47th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Names of characters and places in this magazine are fictitious, and any similarity to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Printed in U. S. A.

SORORITY SUE



HERE COMES SORORITY SUE--WHO BELIEVES THIS IS A WOMAN'S WORLD AND IS OUT TO PROVE THAT GALS CAN BEAT GUYS AT ANY GAME!

SUE HAS SLIPPED AWAY FROM HER OWN CAMPUS FOR A SPECIAL ERRAND TO NEARBY HALE UNIVERSITY...

BUT, BING, I TOLD MY SORORITY SISTERS YOU BOYS WOULD AGREE TO MY IDEA! IT WON'T HURT YOU TO PLAY ONE LITTLE FOOTBALL GAME WITH US!

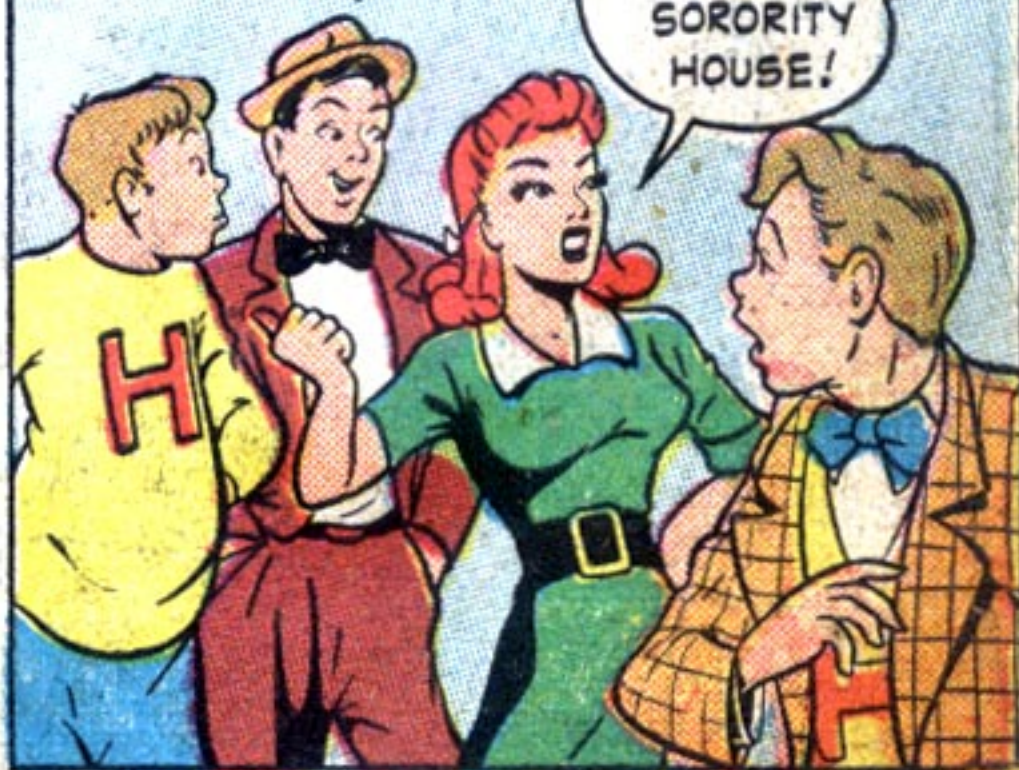
HAVE A HEART, SUE! I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU-- BUT **NOT** THAT! THE TEAM WOULDN'T STAND FOR IT, WOULD THEY, FELLAS?



WHY--WE'D LOVE TO PLAY A GAME WITH YOU, SUE! ANYTIME!

WOOF, WOOF-- ME, TOO!

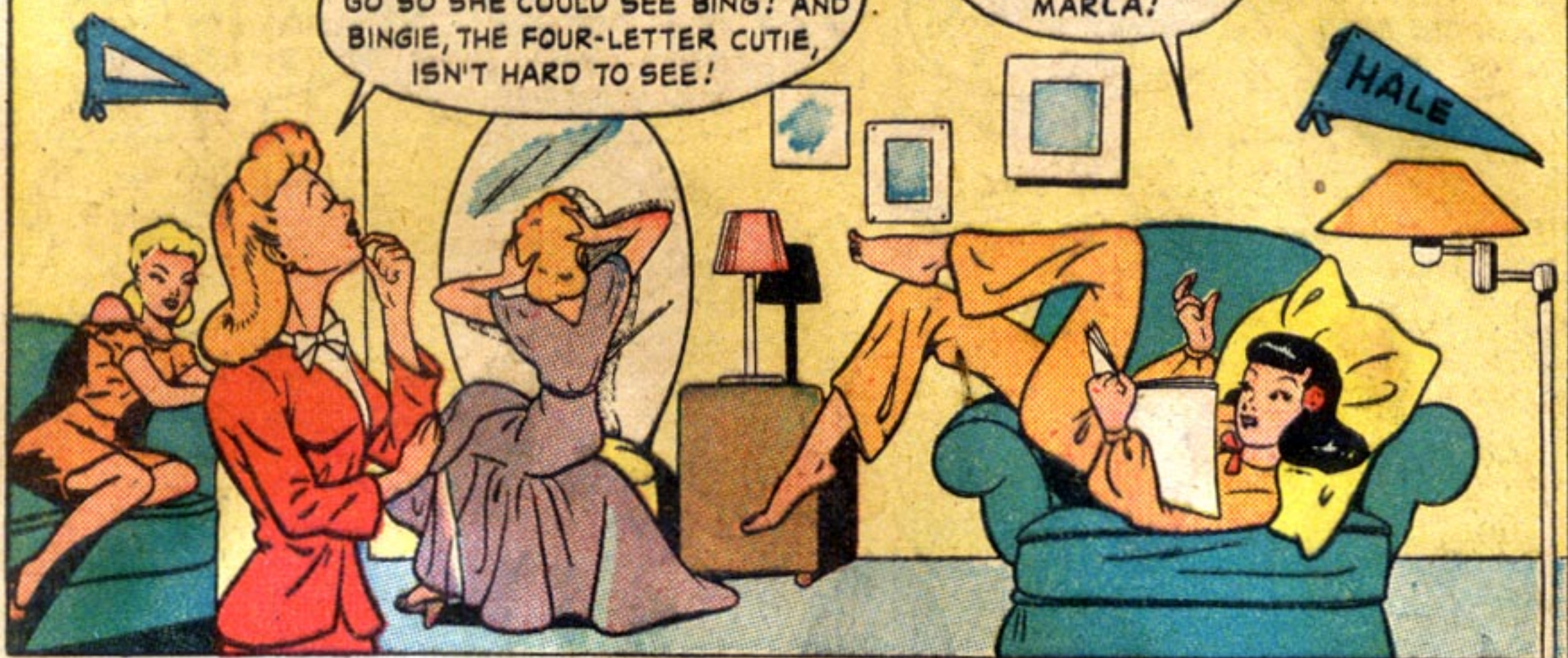
THERE! NOW YOU CAN'T SAY NO, BING! HURRY UP AND SAY YES! IT'S LATE AND I HAVE TO GET BACK TO MY SORORITY HOUSE!



MEANWHILE... IN SUE'S ROOM AT GAMMA GAMMA GAU SORORITY...

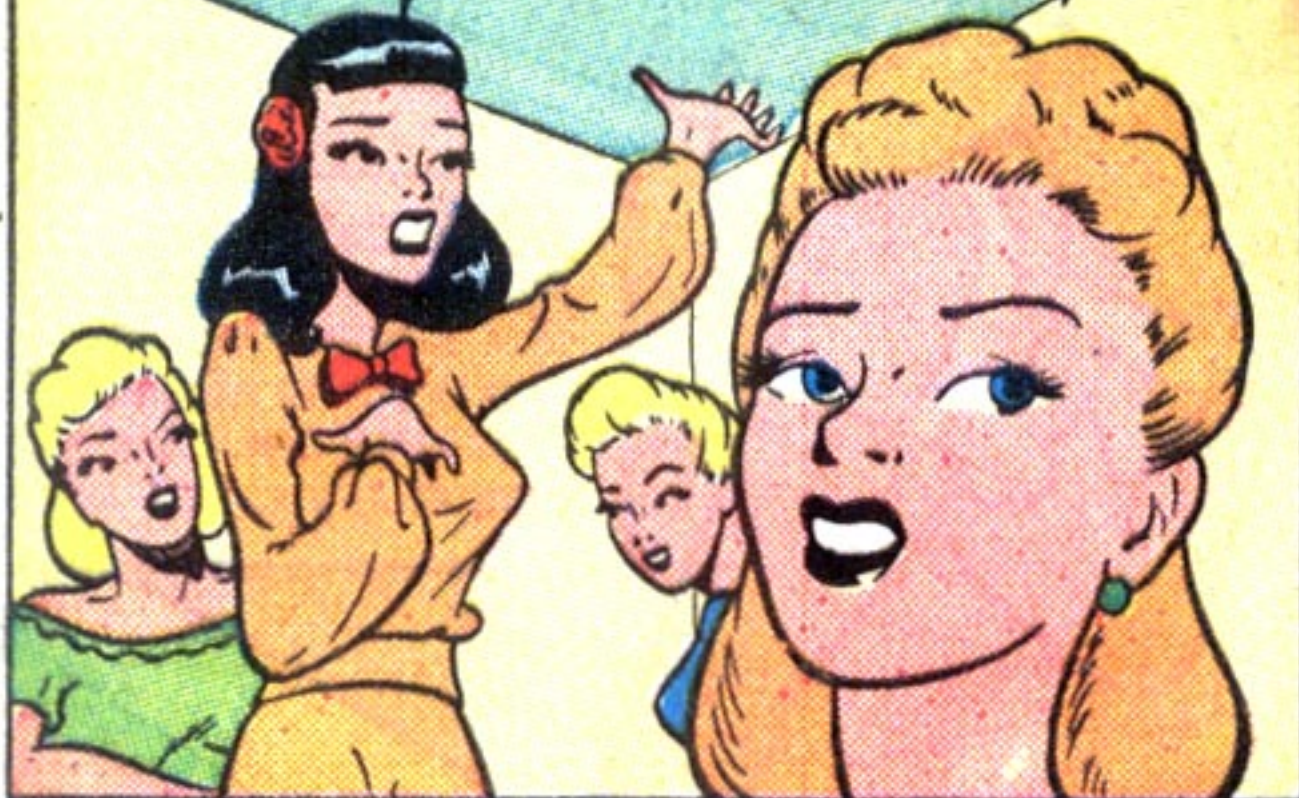
OF COURSE SUE VOLUNTEERED TO GO SO SHE COULD SEE BING! AND BINGIE, THE FOUR-LETTER CUTIE, ISN'T HARD TO SEE!

MEOWW! MEOWW! YOU ALWAYS WERE JEALOUS OF SUE, MARLA!



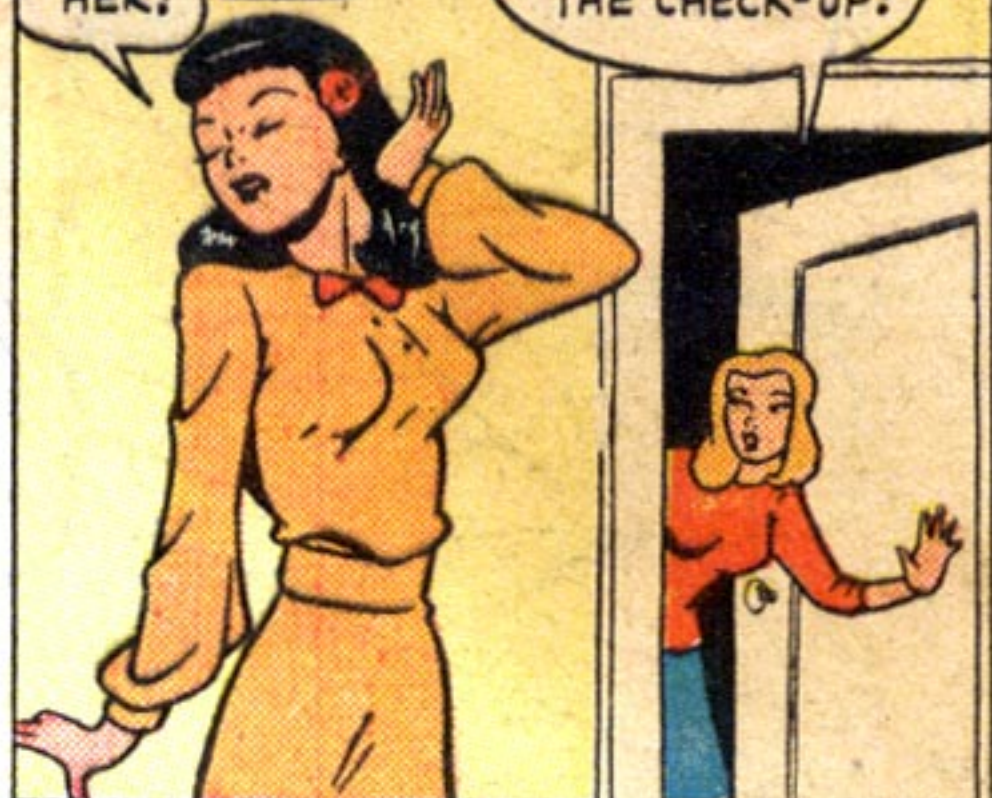
DON'T LISTEN TO THAT CAT, GIRLS! DIDN'T SUE CONVINCE US WE WERE THE EQUAL OF MEN IN *ANYTHING*? WHY SHOULDN'T OUR SCHOOL HAVE A FOOTBALL TEAM?

SHE'S PROBABLY TOO BUSY WITH BING TO MENTION THE IDEA!



HMMPH! WOULD SHE DARE TO BE OUT ON A TUESDAY NIGHT FOR A *DATE*? YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF KLATCH CAUGHT HER!

PSST-- SCATTER! KLATCH IS ON HER WAY UPSTAIRS-- THE CHECK-UP!



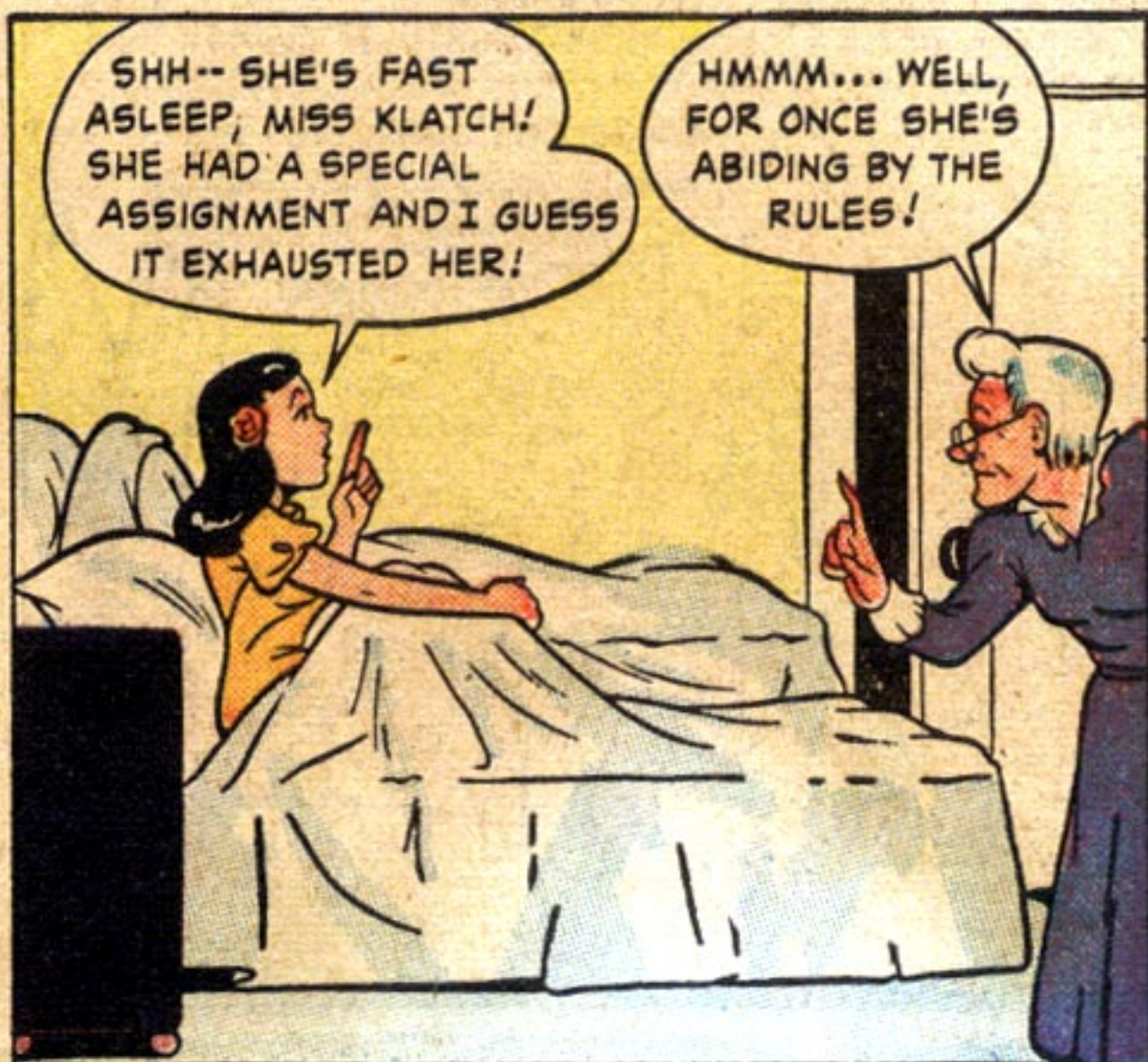
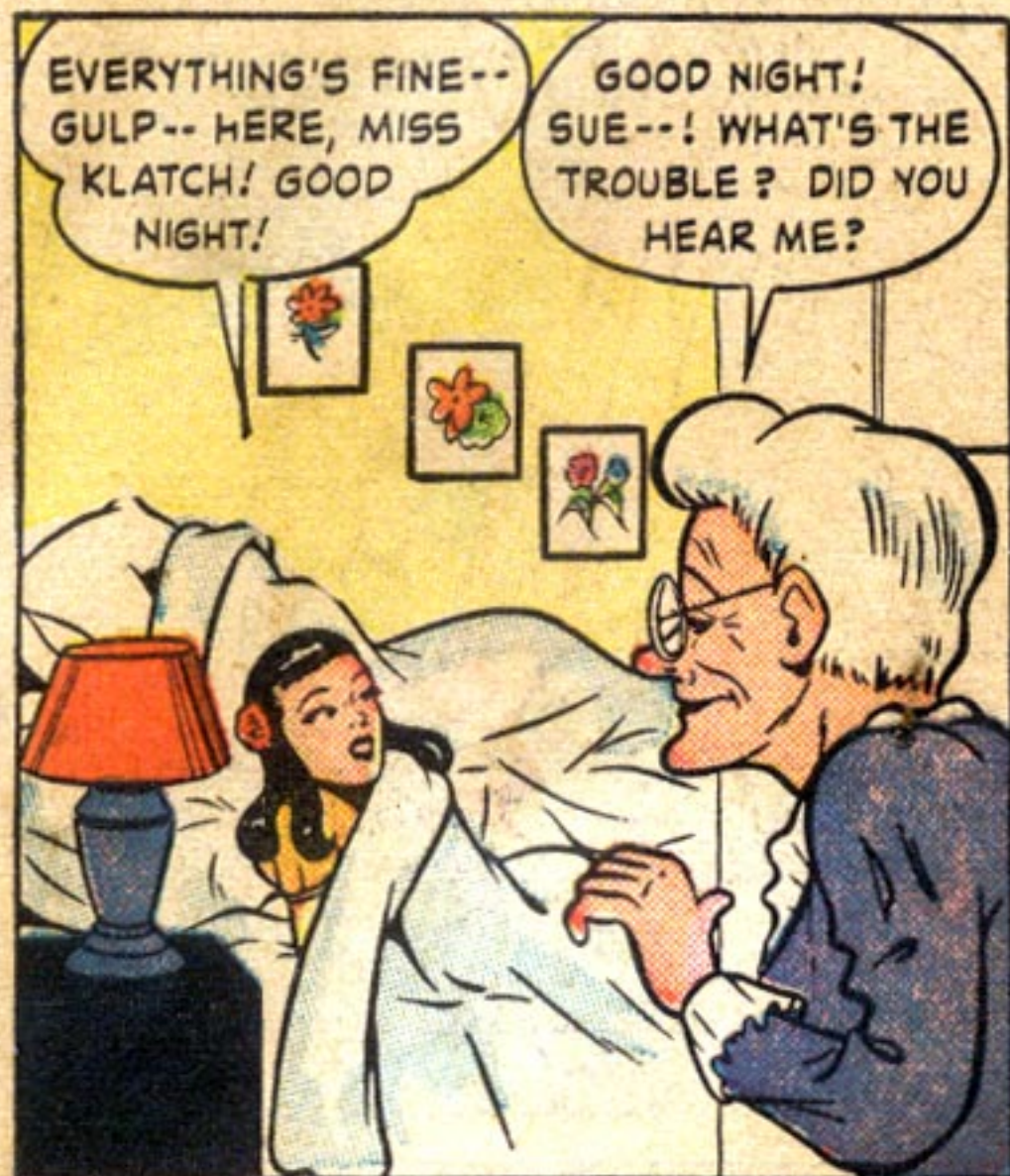
OH, OH-- LET ME OUT OF HERE! IF THAT OLD BUZZARD GETS SUSPICIOUS--!

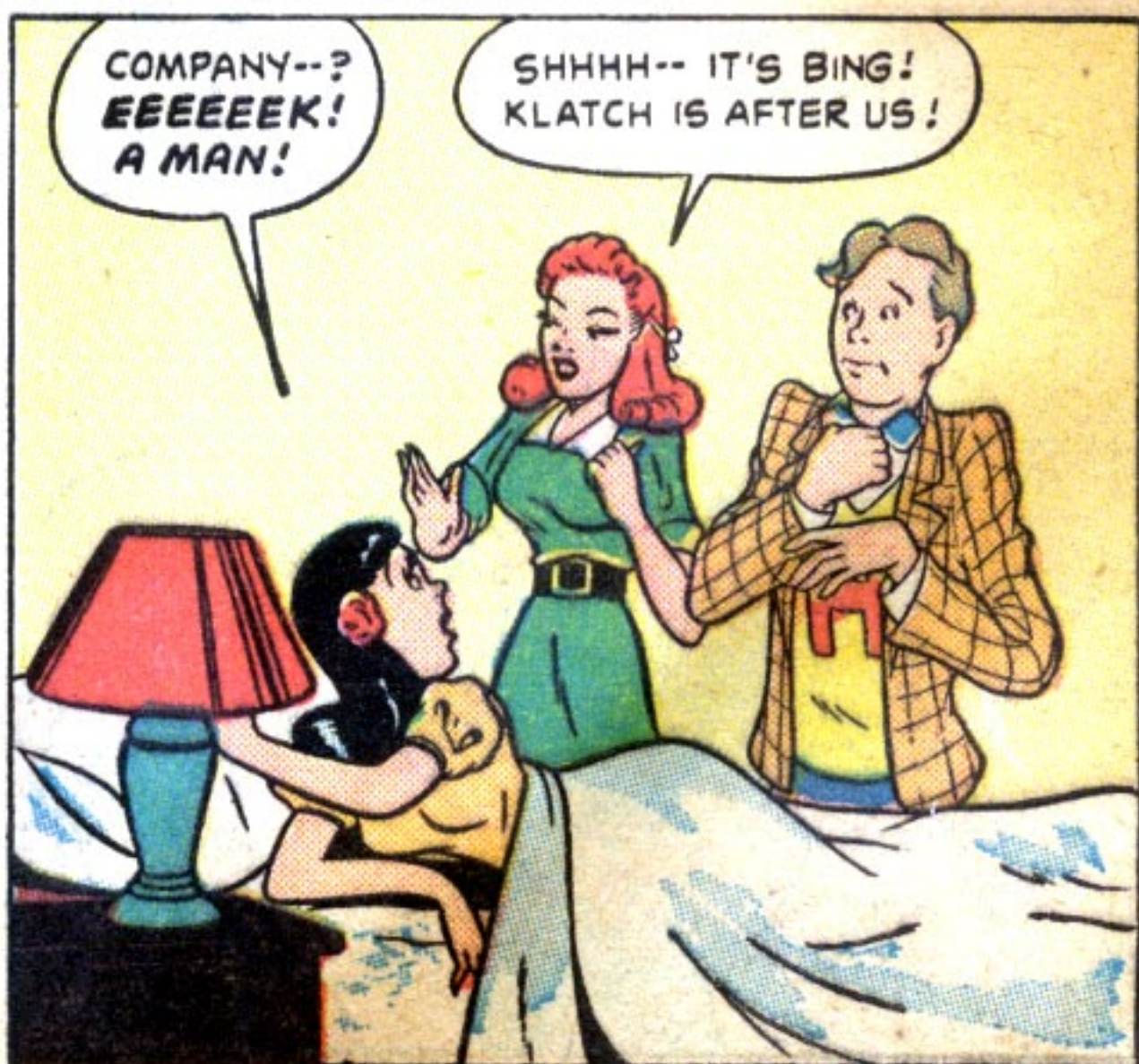
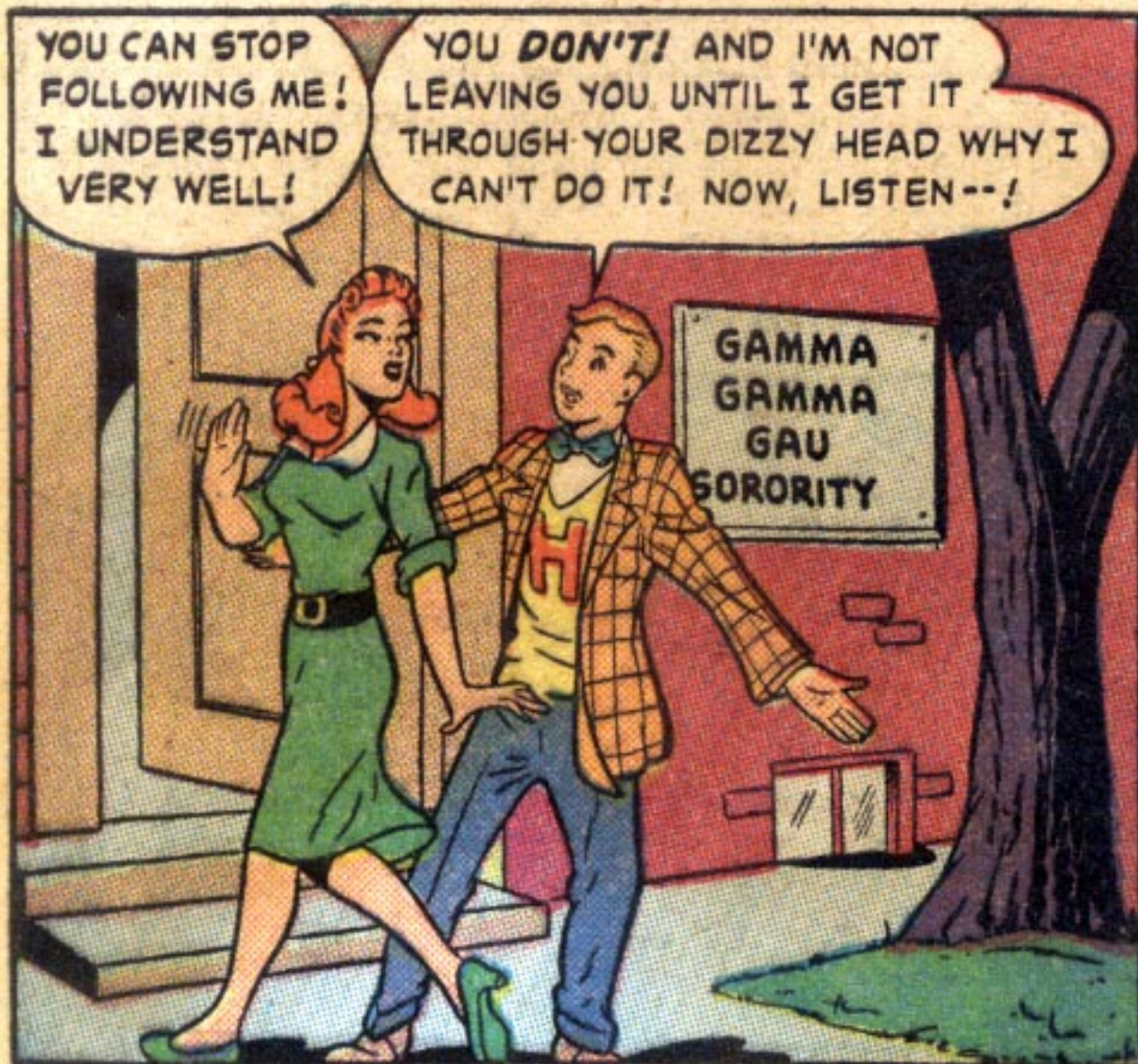
GOSH! WHAT'LL I DO ABOUT SUE'S EMPTY BED? I GOTTA DO SOMETHING! I JUST-- WAIT--!

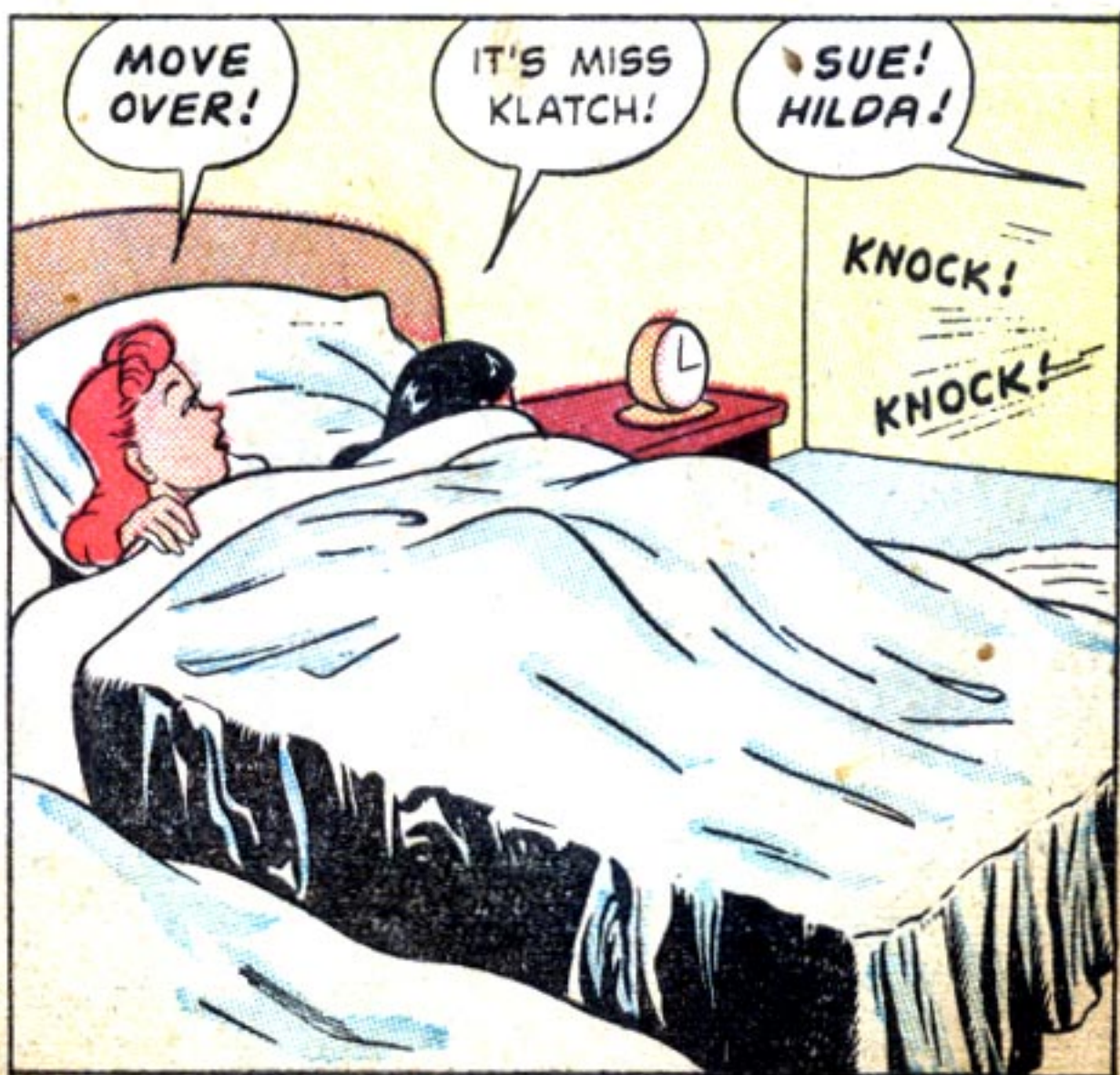
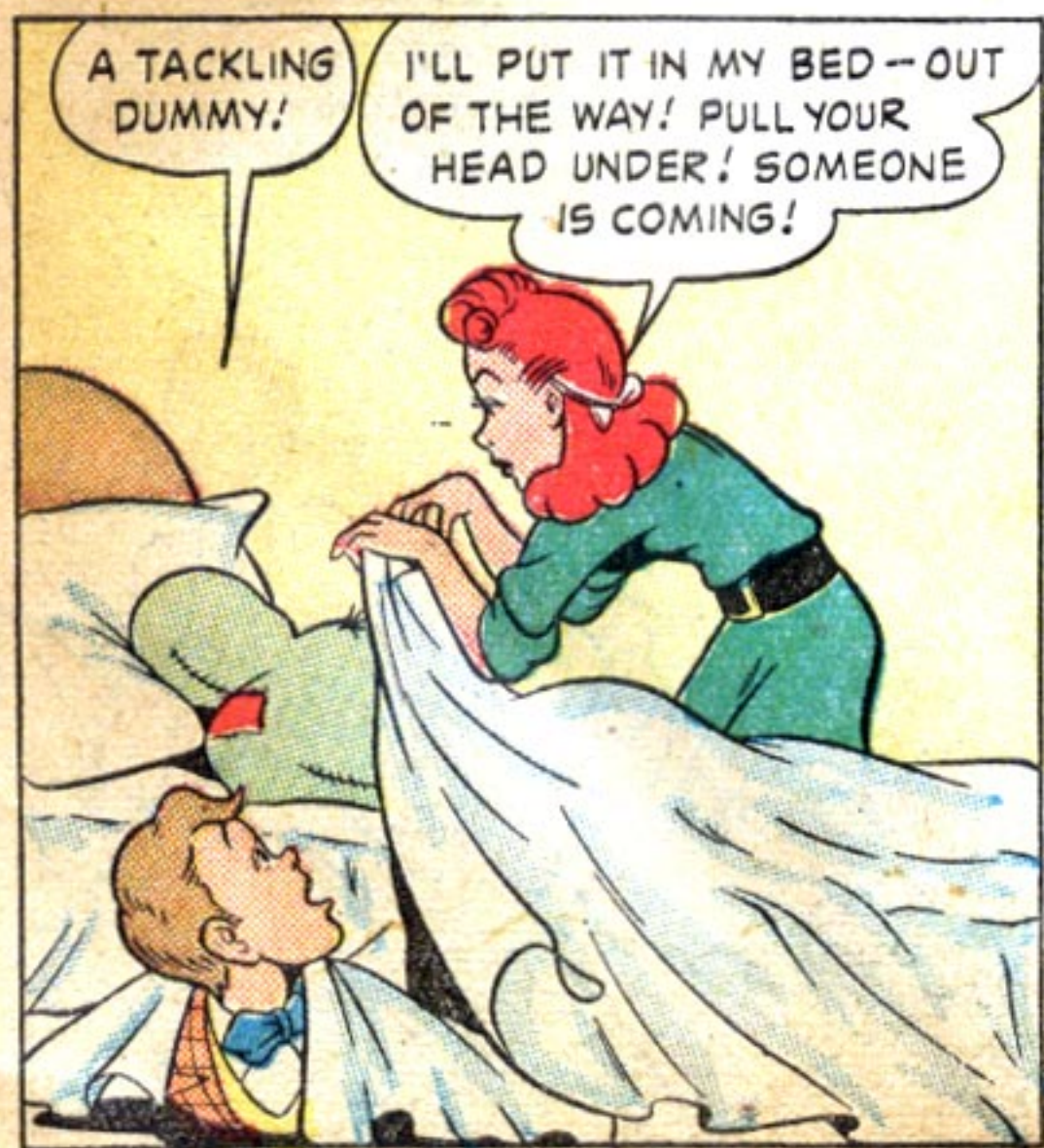
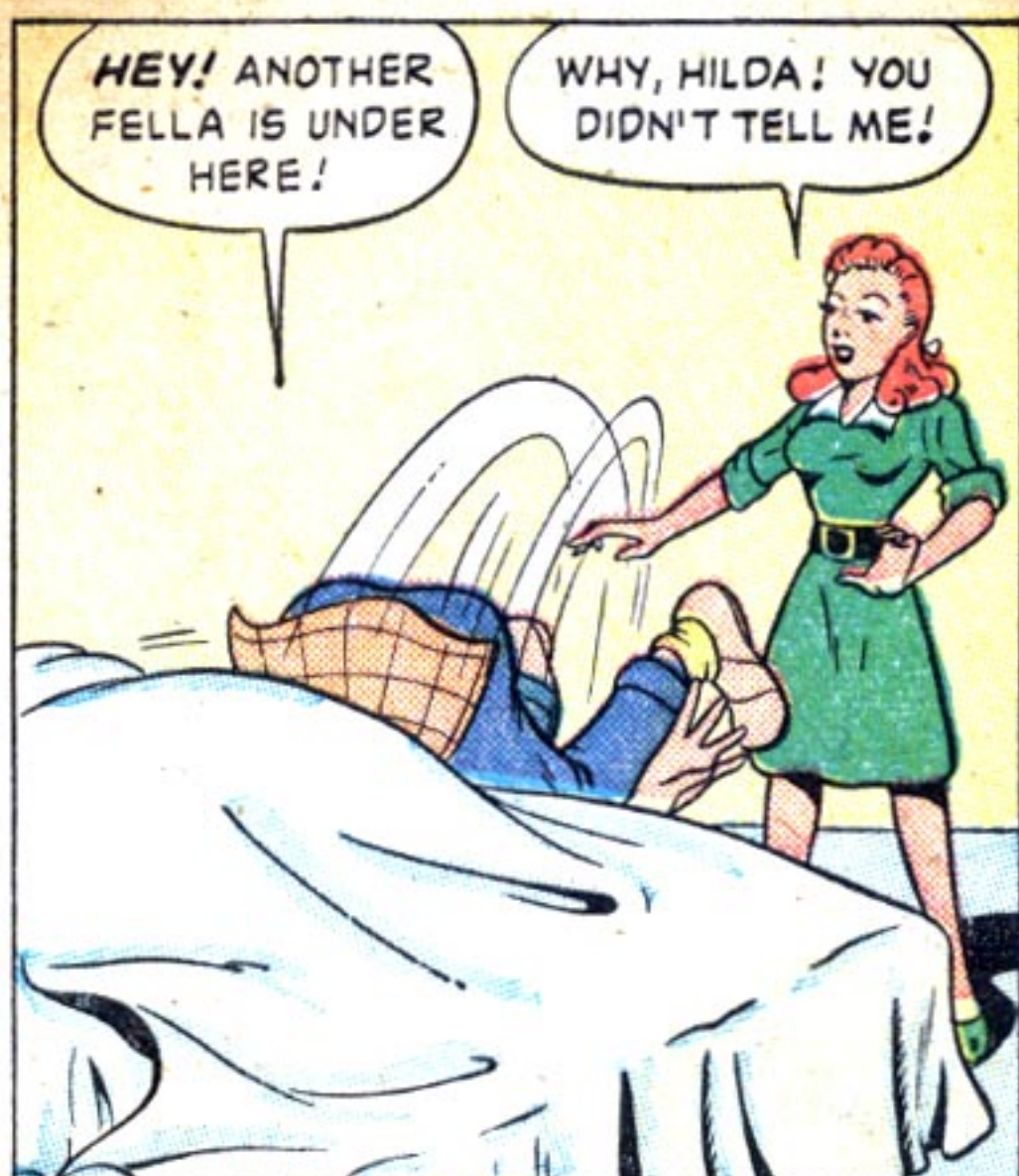
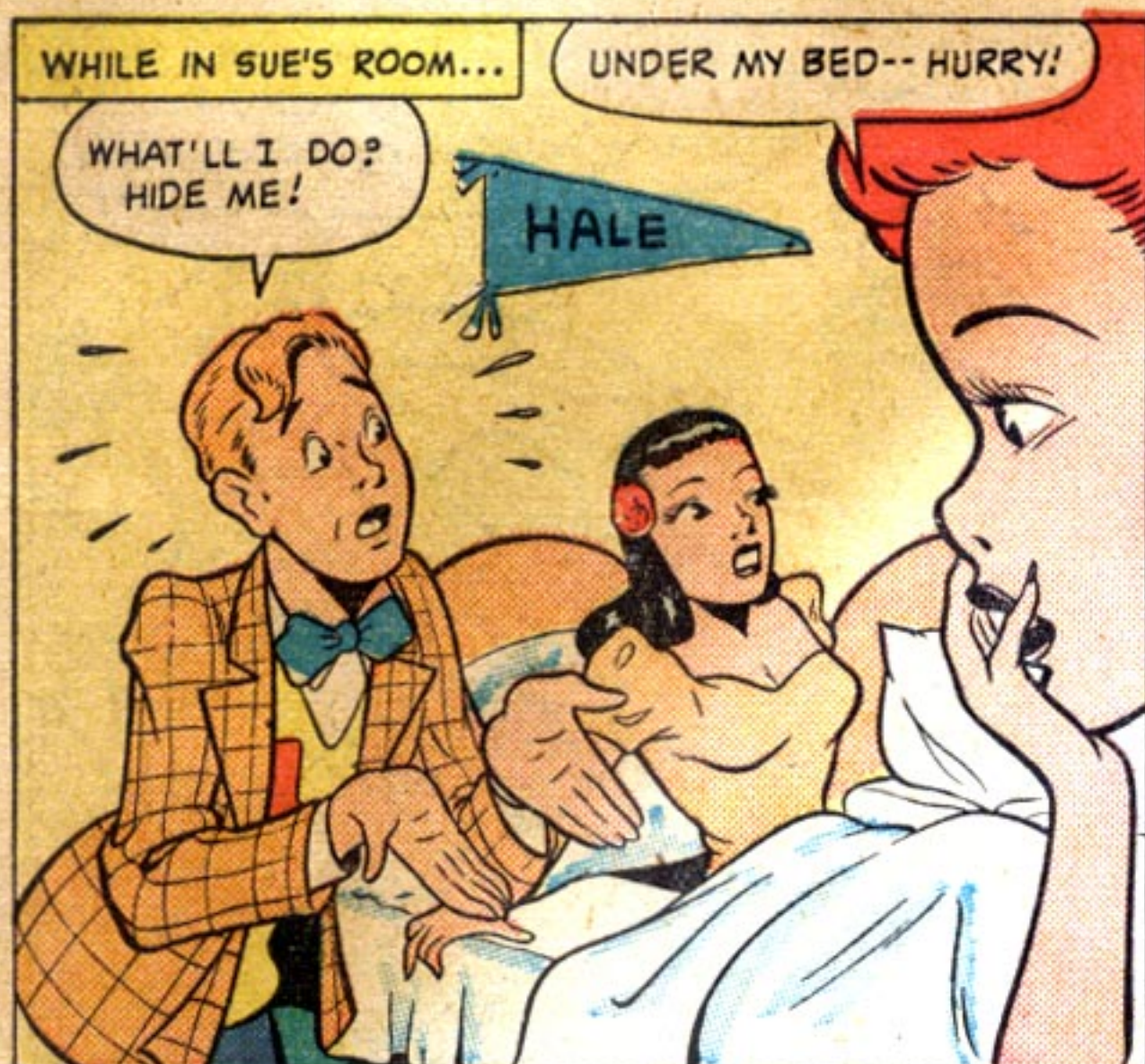
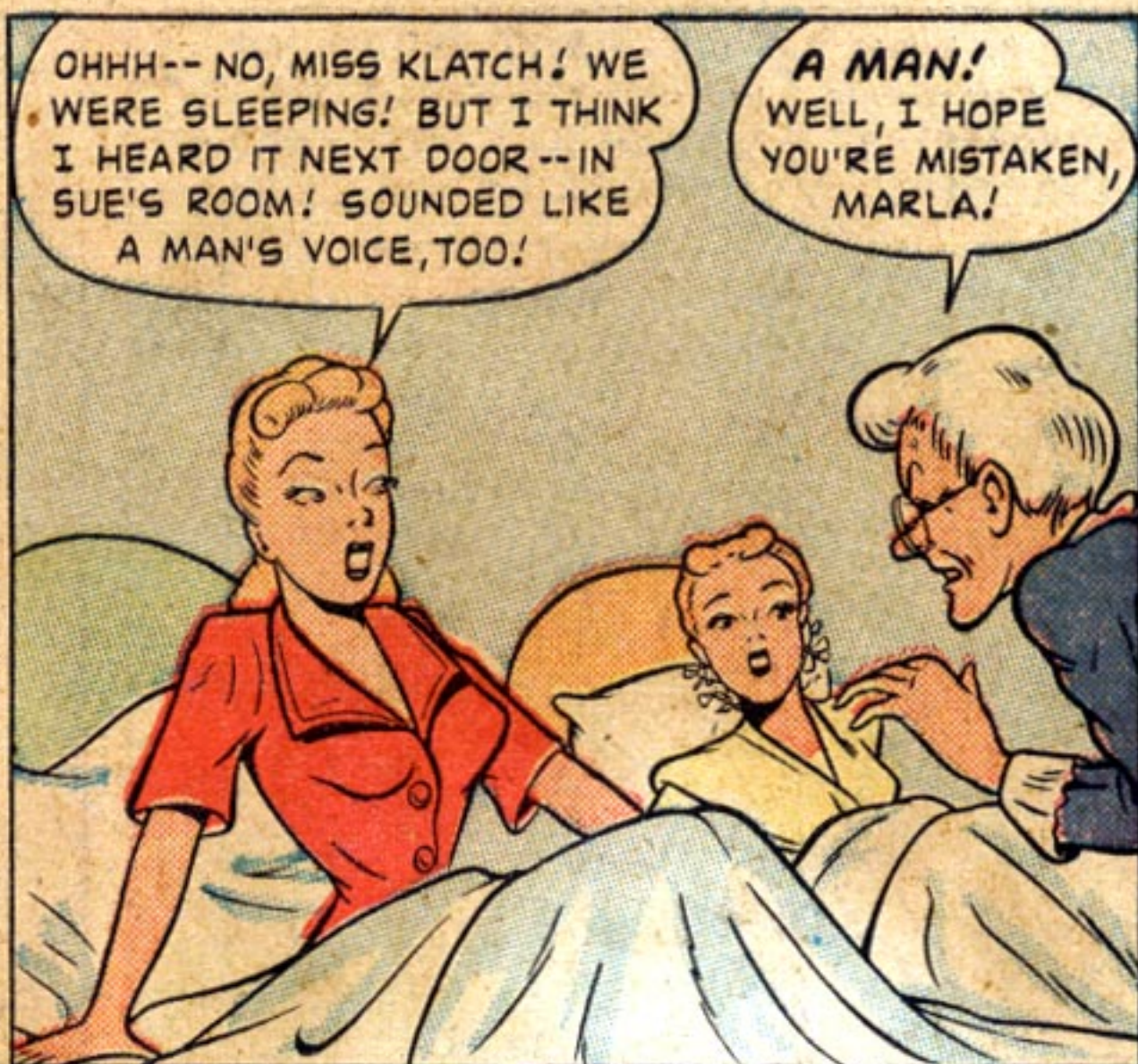


AHH--! IT'S STILL HERE! MAYBE--!







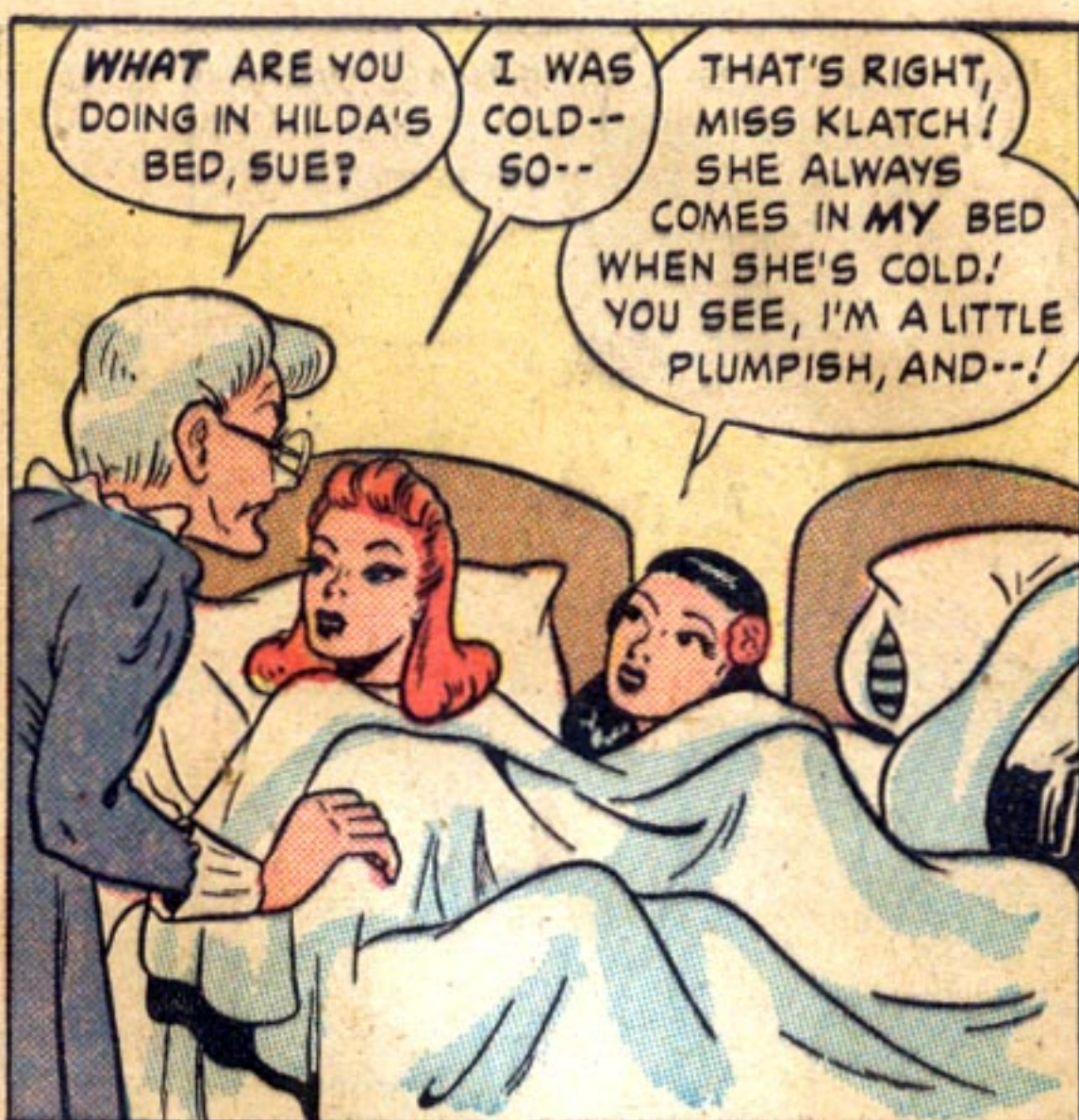




AH, HA! WHO RAN UP THOSE STEPS A FEW MINUTES AGO?

WH--HUH?
OH, HULLO, MISS KLATCH?

WH--WHAT'S THE MATTER, MISS KLATCH?



WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HILDA'S BED, SUE?

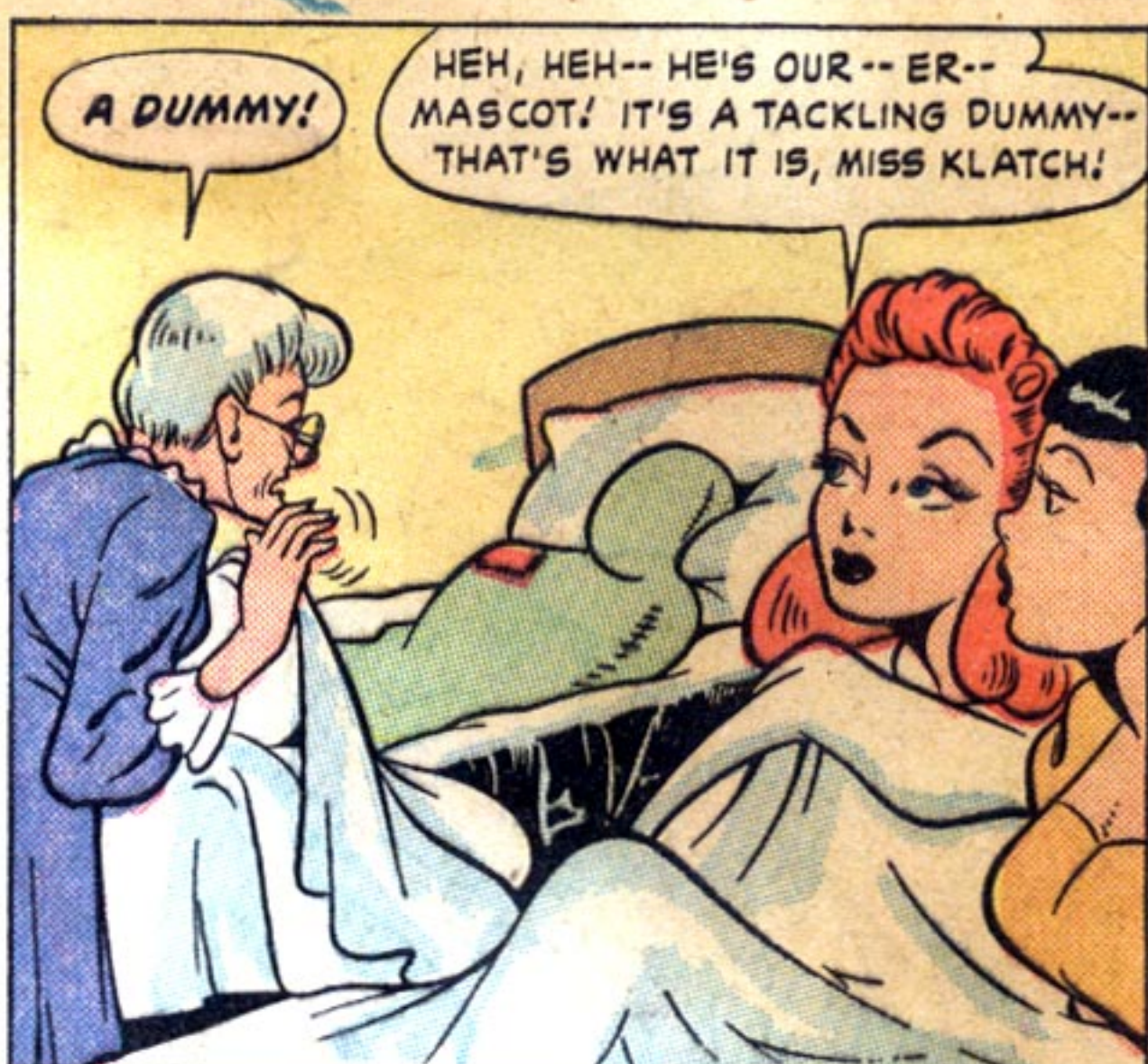
I WAS COLD--SO--

THAT'S RIGHT, MISS KLATCH! SHE ALWAYS COMES IN MY BED WHEN SHE'S COLD! YOU SEE, I'M A LITTLE PLUMPISH, AND--!



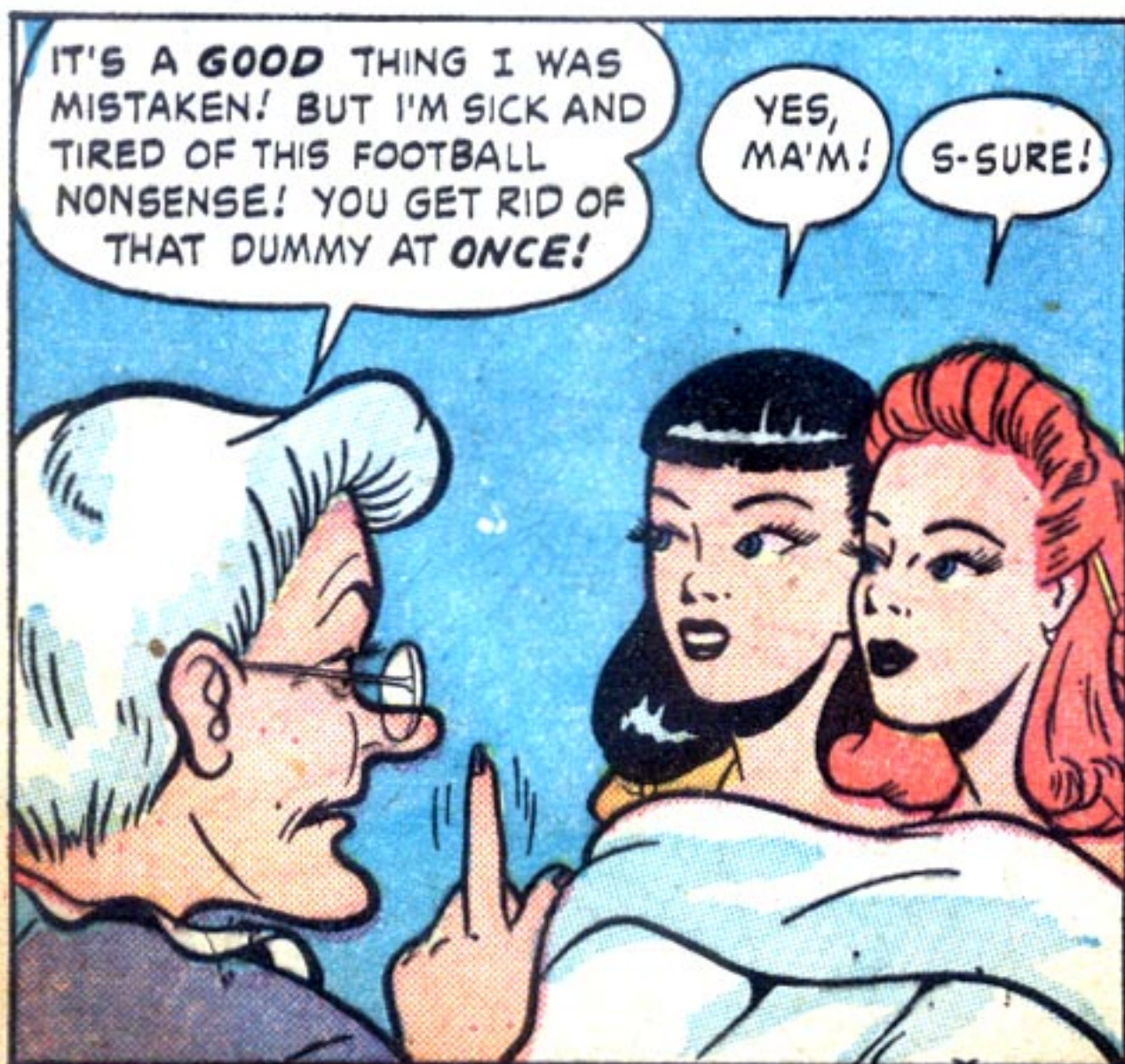
SO! THERE IS A MAN HERE?

AGHHHHH!



A DUMMY!

HEH, HEH-- HE'S OUR-- ER-- MASCOT! IT'S A TACKLING DUMMY-- THAT'S WHAT IT IS, MISS KLATCH!



IT'S A **GOOD** THING I WAS MISTAKEN! BUT I'M SICK AND TIRED OF THIS FOOTBALL NONSENSE! YOU GET RID OF THAT DUMMY AT **ONCE**!

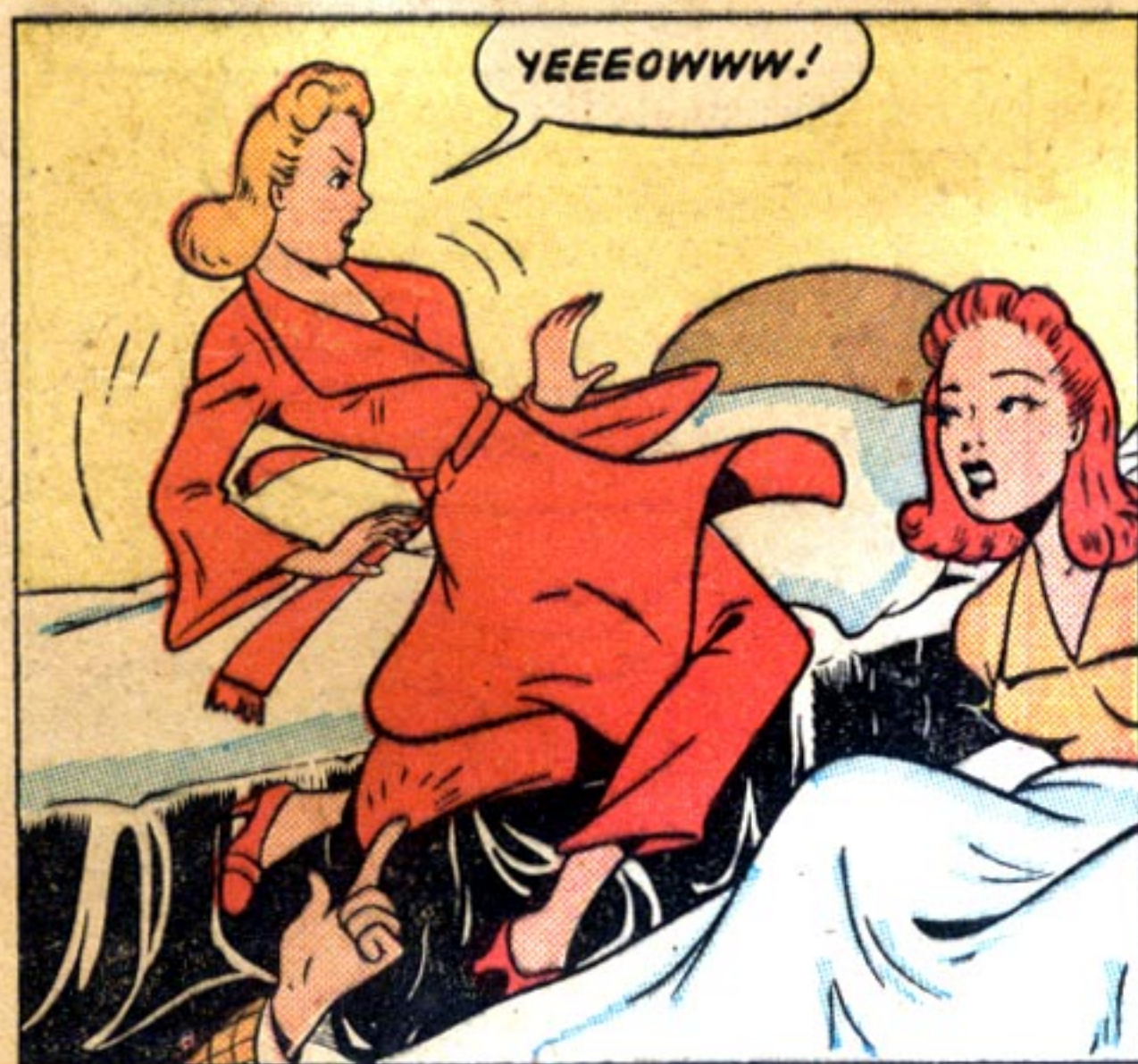
YES, MA'M!

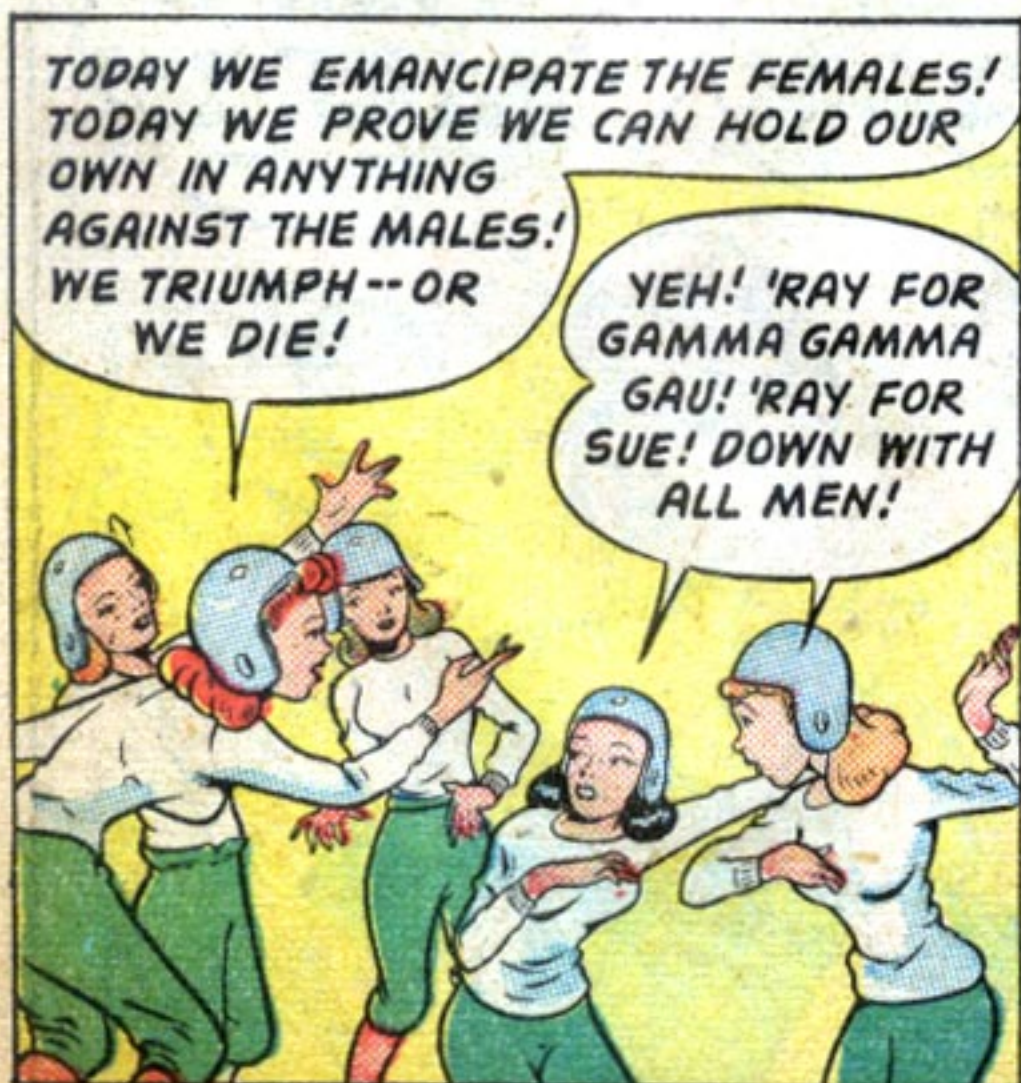
S-SURE!



WHEWWW!

MAYBE YOU CAN FOOL THAT SILLY OLD THING-- BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! **WHERE IS HE?**





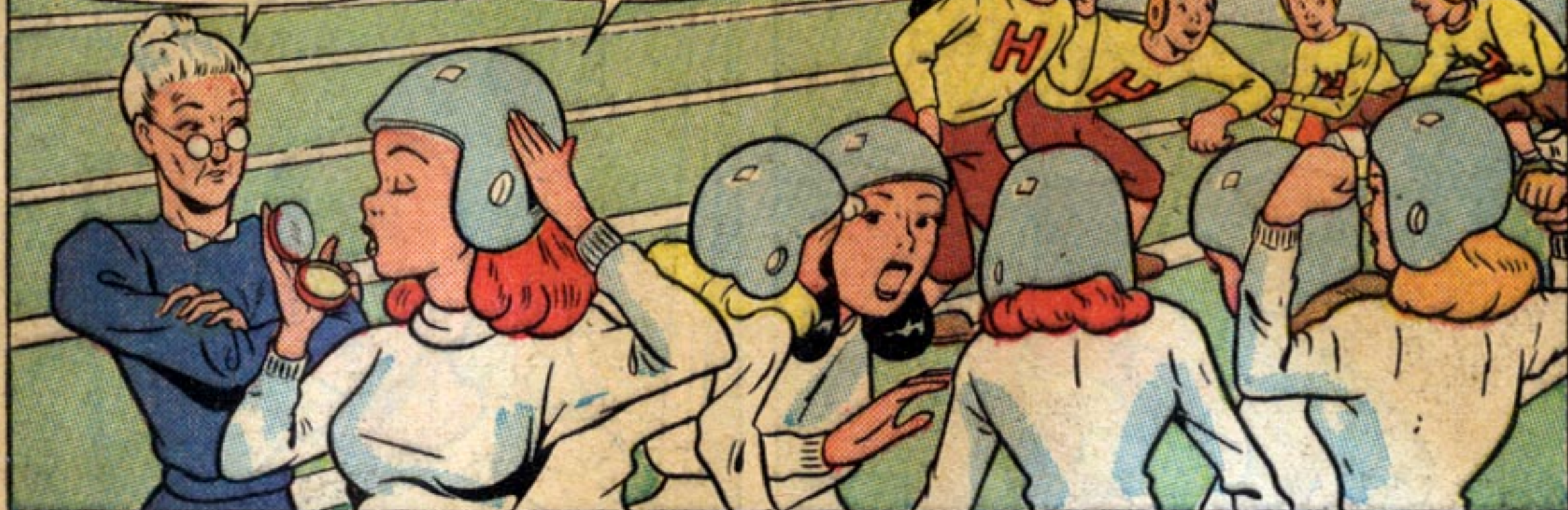
AT LONG LAST...THE TWO OPPOSING TEAMS
LINE UP FOR THE **CRUCIAL** GAME...

SUE, DO YOU INSIST ON
GOING THROUGH WITH
THIS--ER--GAME? THE
GIRLS MAY GET HURT!

DON'T WORRY, DEAN!
WE'LL SHOW YOU
WE CAN TAKE CARE
OF OURSELVES!

YOO HOO, SUGAR!
DON'T FORGET TO RUN
TOWARD ME!

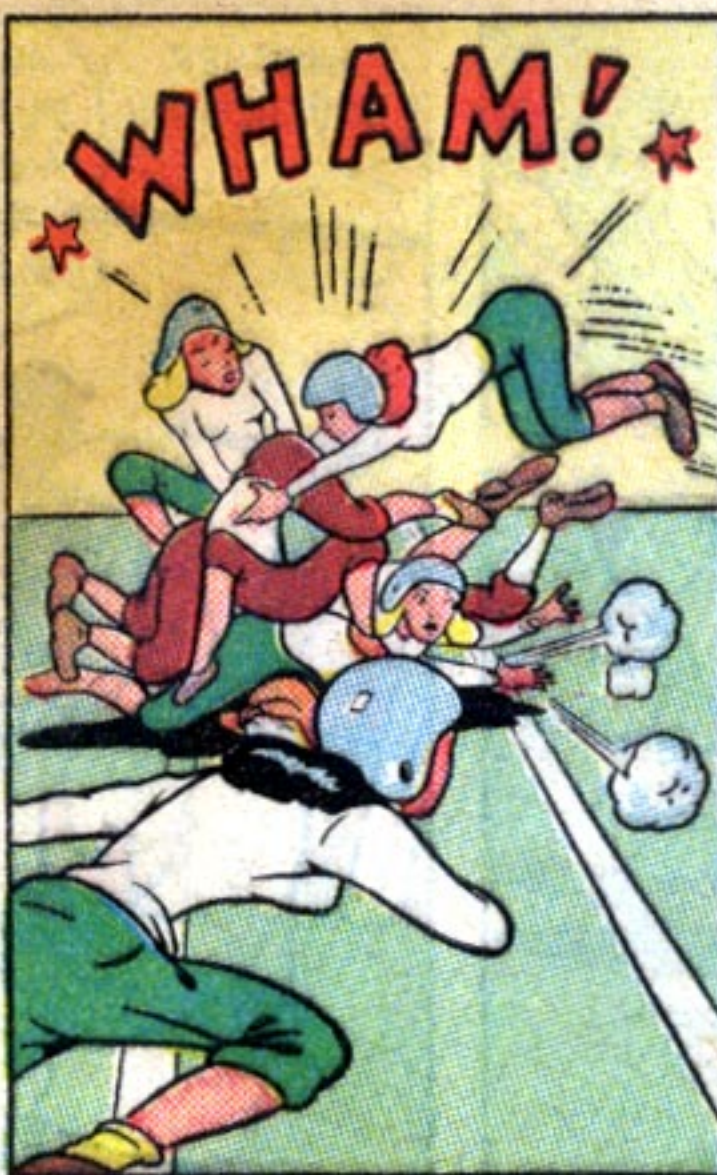
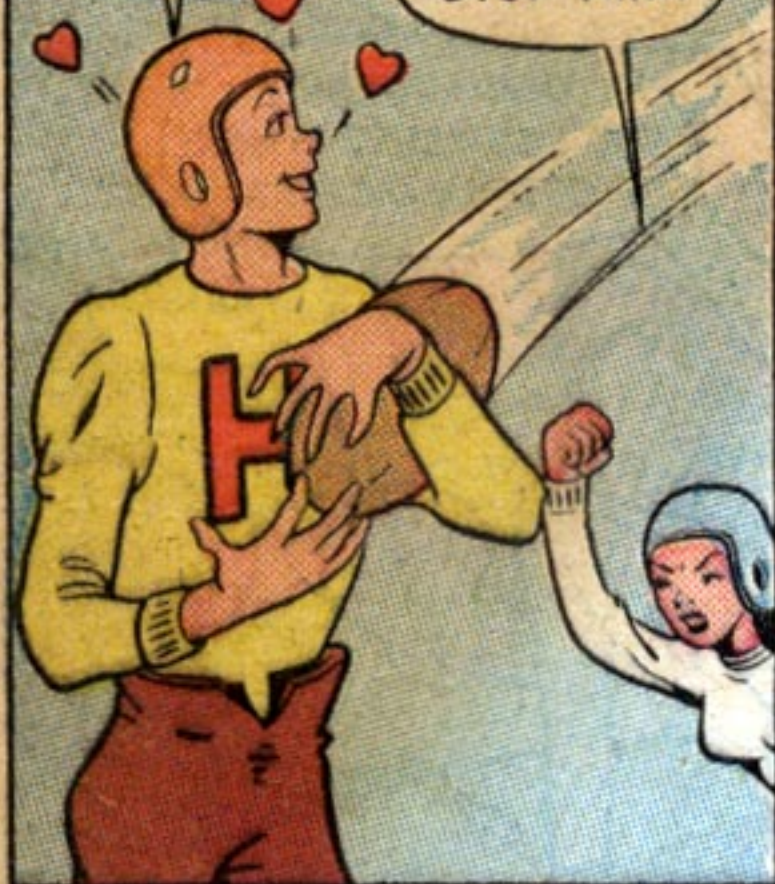
I COULD GO FOR THAT
BLONDE GUARD IN
A BIG WAY--AFTER
THE GAME!



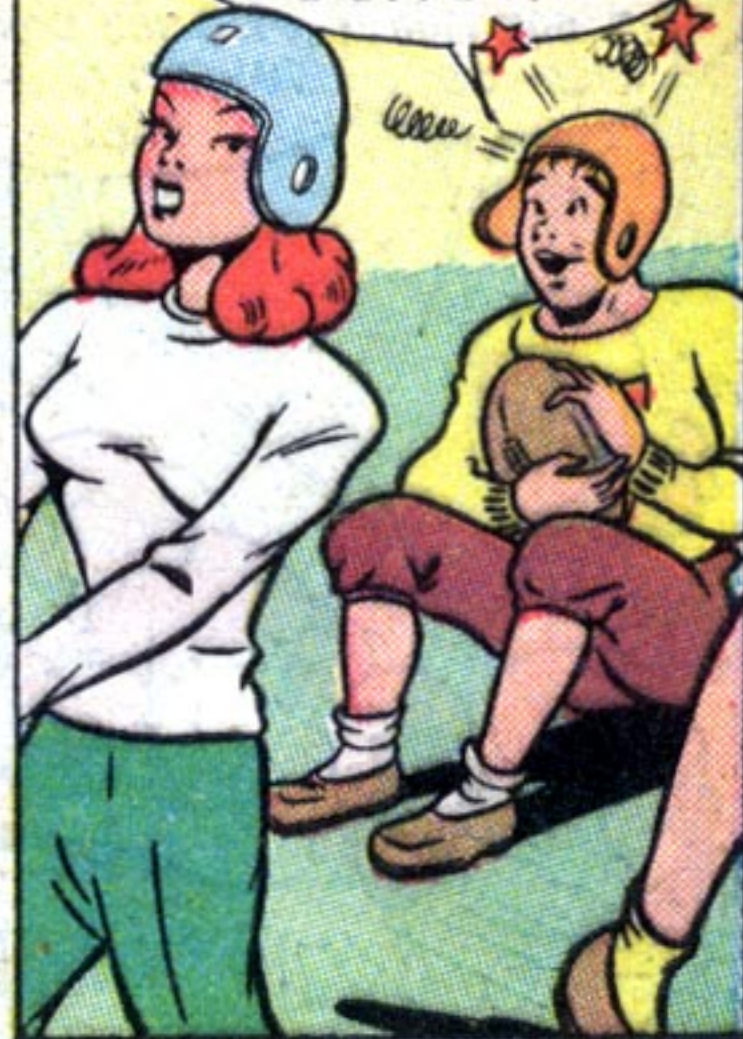
AT HALE'S FIRST PLAY AFTER
THE KICKOFF...

I GOT IT--!

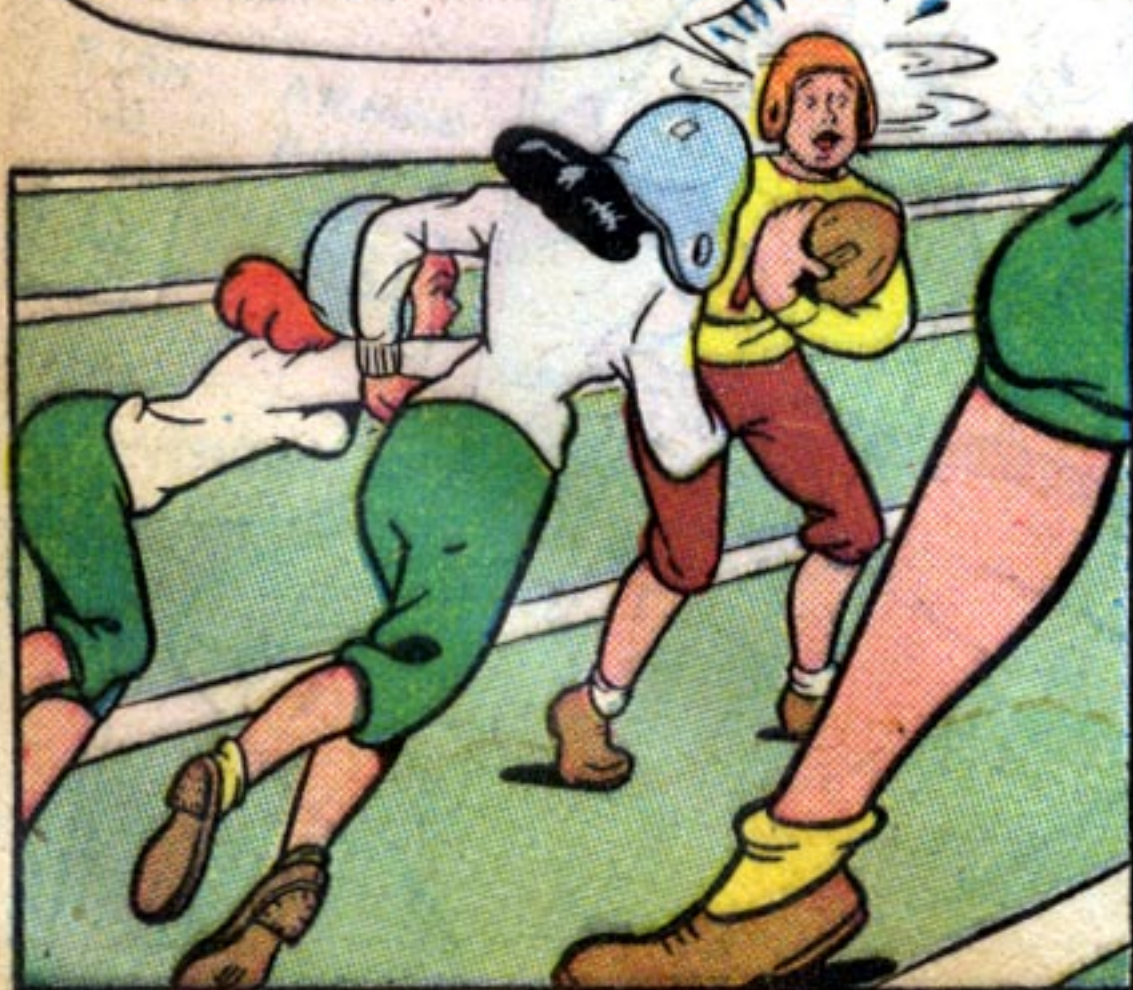
GET HIM!
STOP HIM!



DO IT AGAIN, DARLINGS,
I LOVE IT!



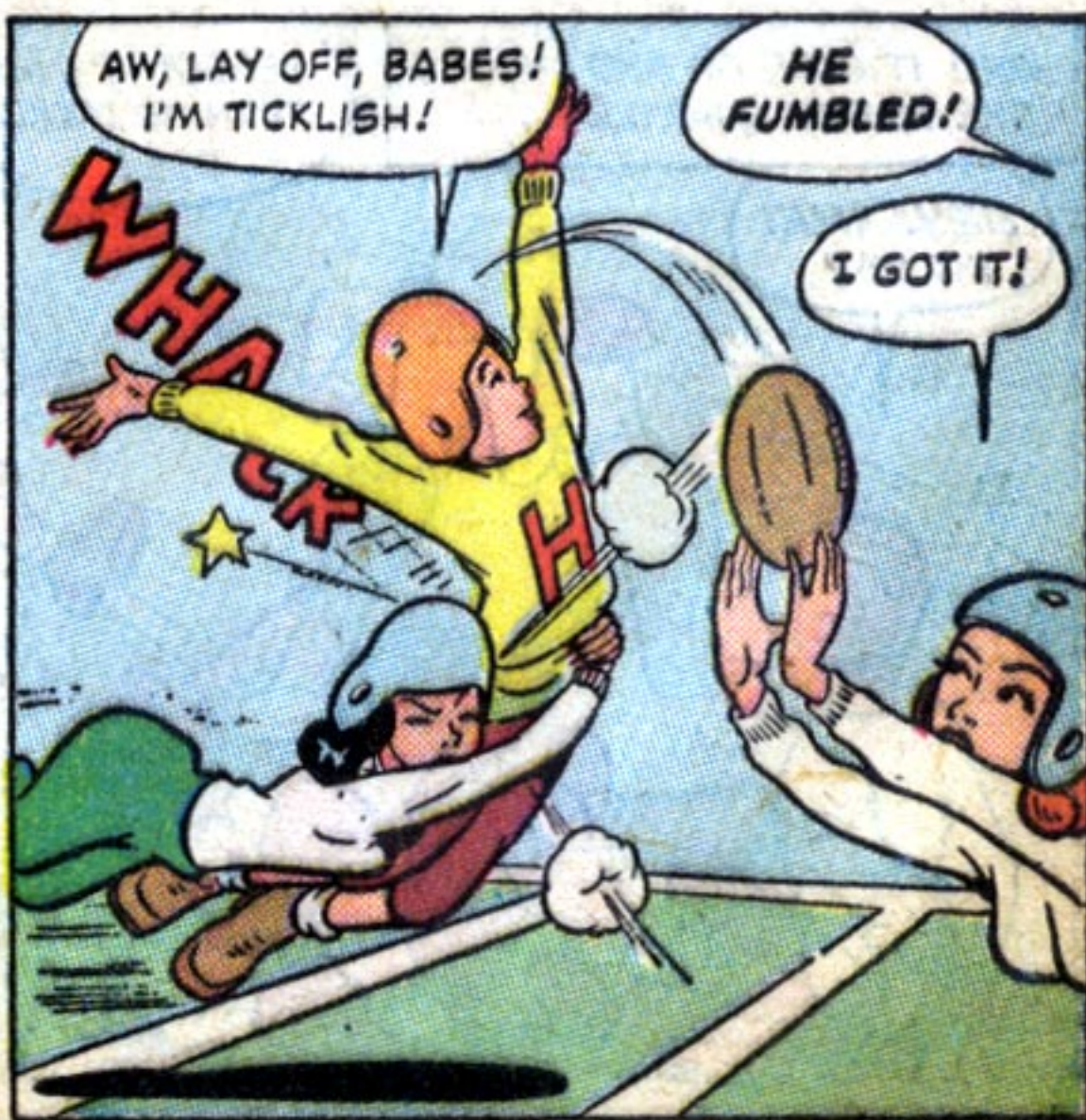
I MUST BE A POPULAR GUY!
WHICH OF YOU HONEYS SHOULD
I DATE FOR TONIGHT?

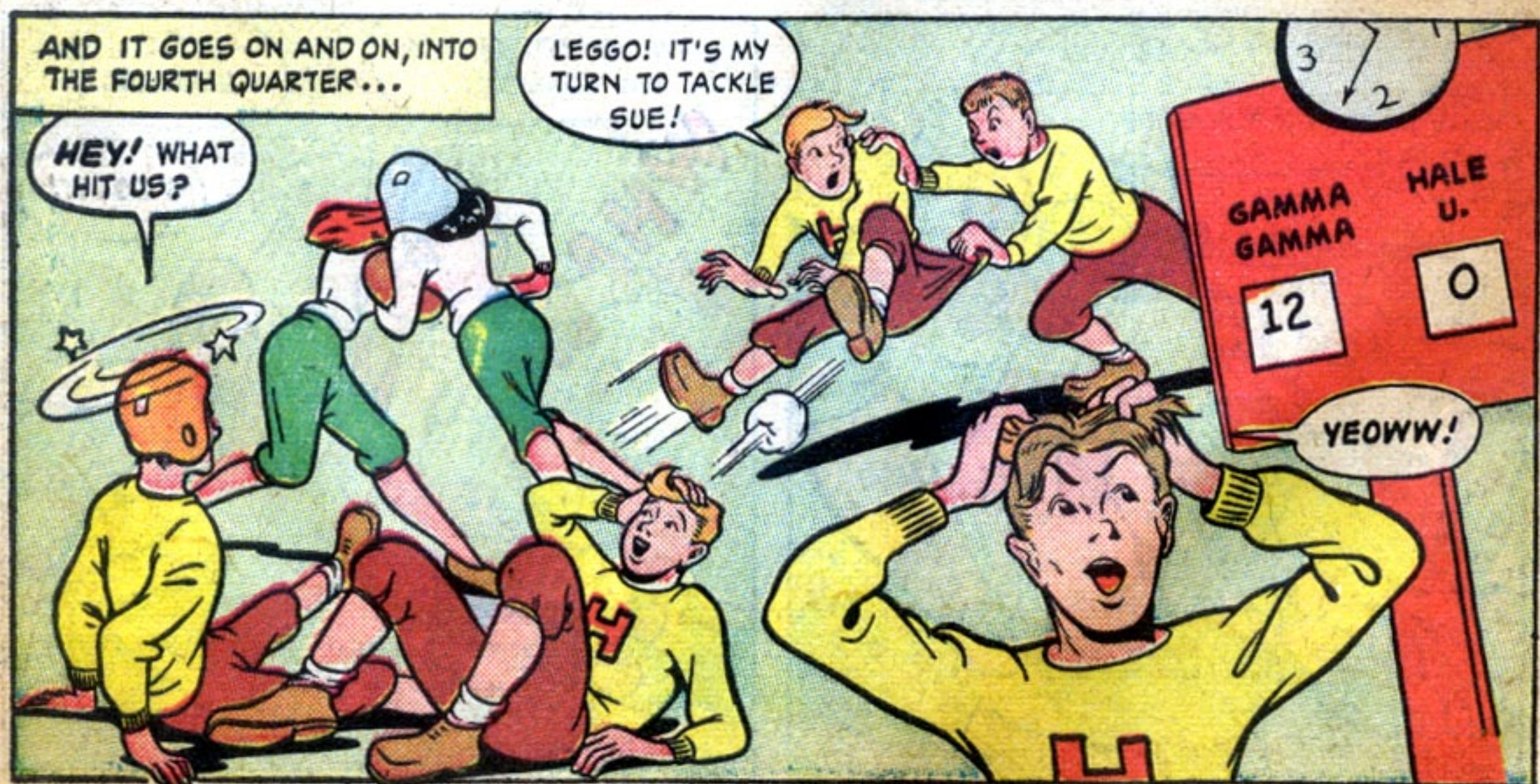
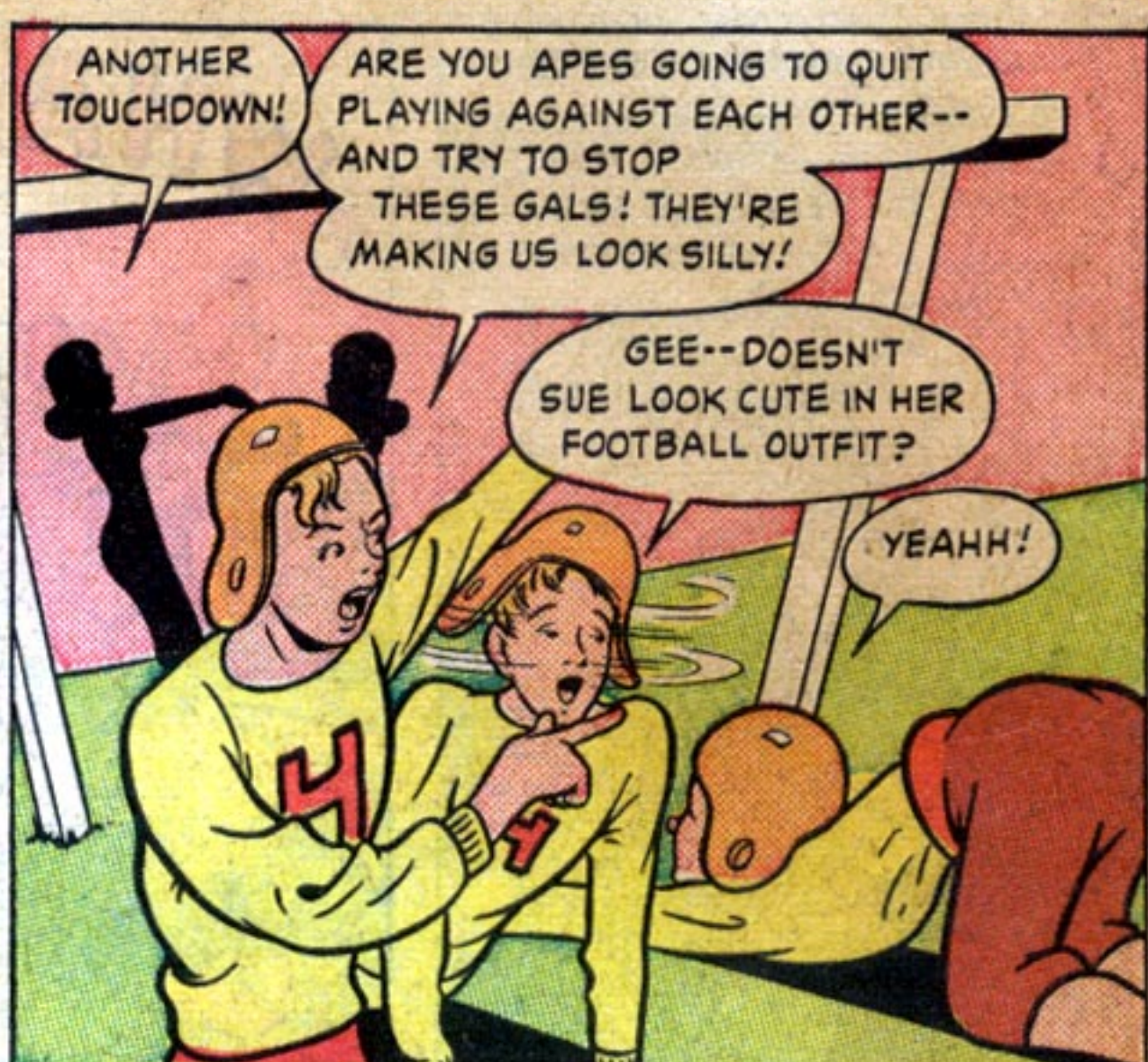
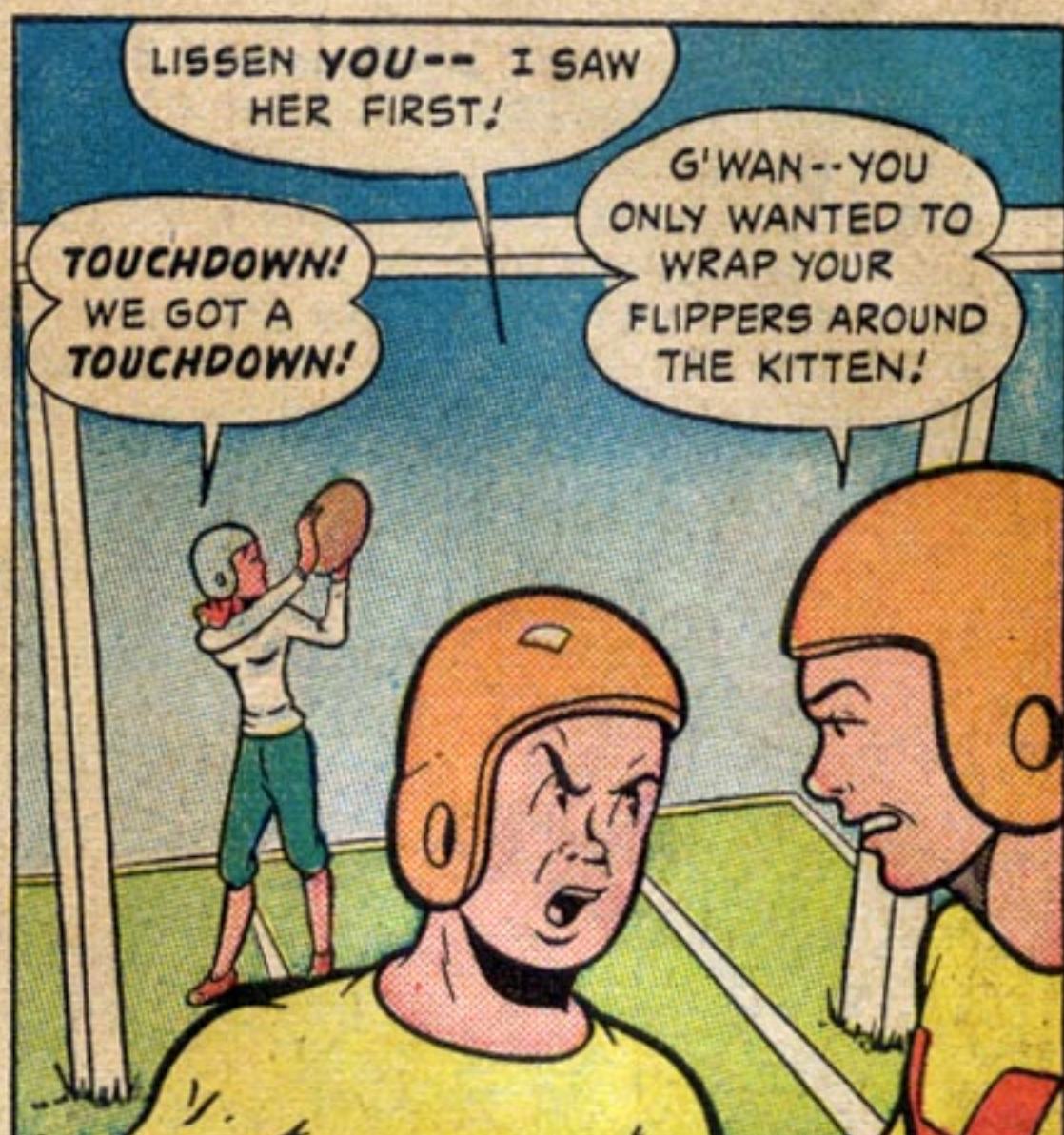


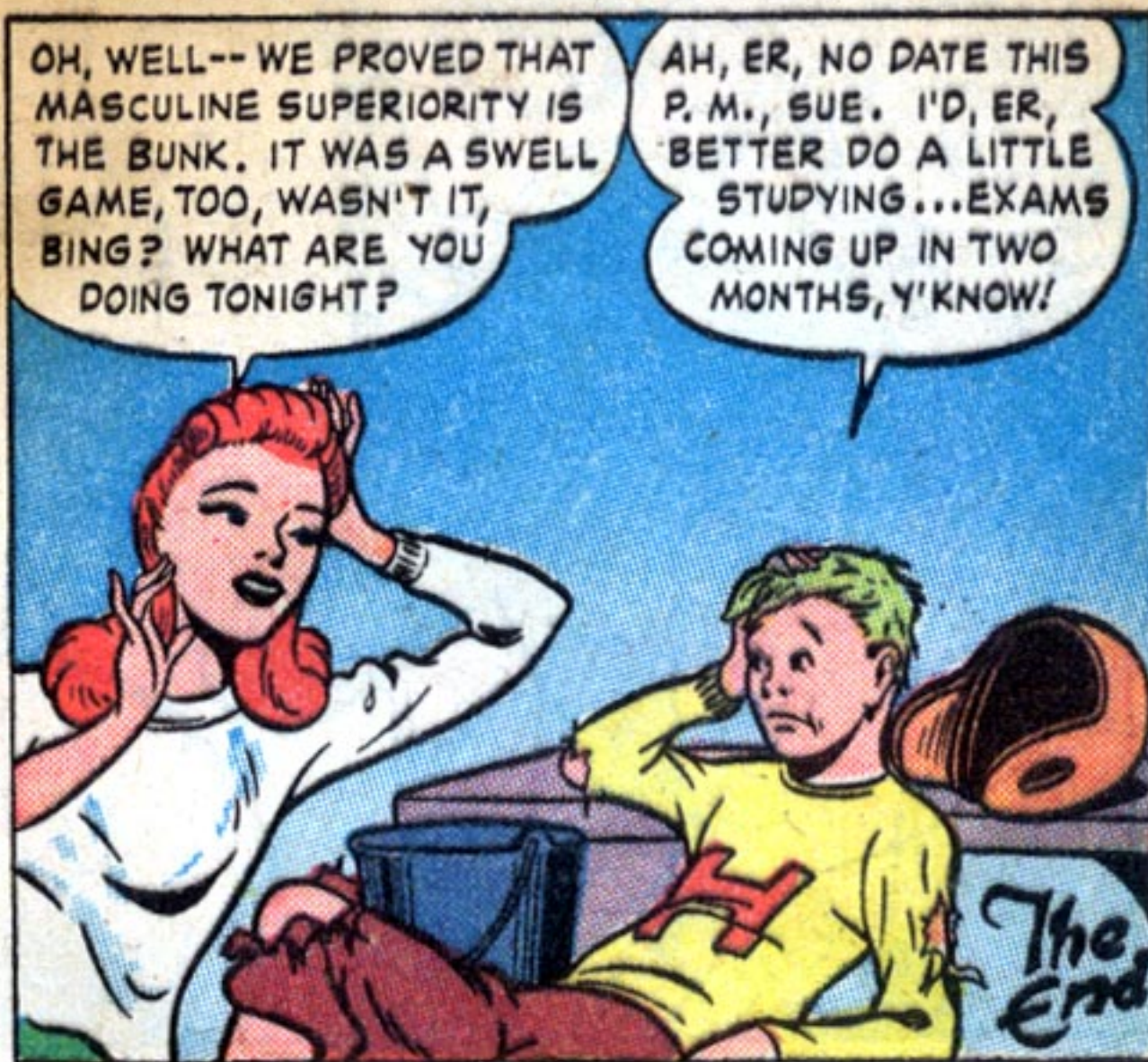
AW, LAY OFF, BABES!
I'M TICKLISH!

HE
FUMBLER!

I GOT IT!







STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 Of Four Favorites Comics published bi-monthly at Springfield, Mass. for October 1, 1947.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. A. Wyn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Four Favorites Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or tri-weekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, A. A. Wyn; Editor, A. A. Wyn; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, A. A. Wyn; all of 23 West 47th St., New York 19, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) A. A. Wyn, Inc., 23 West 47th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; A. A. Wyn, 23 West 47th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Rose Wyn, 23 West 47th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

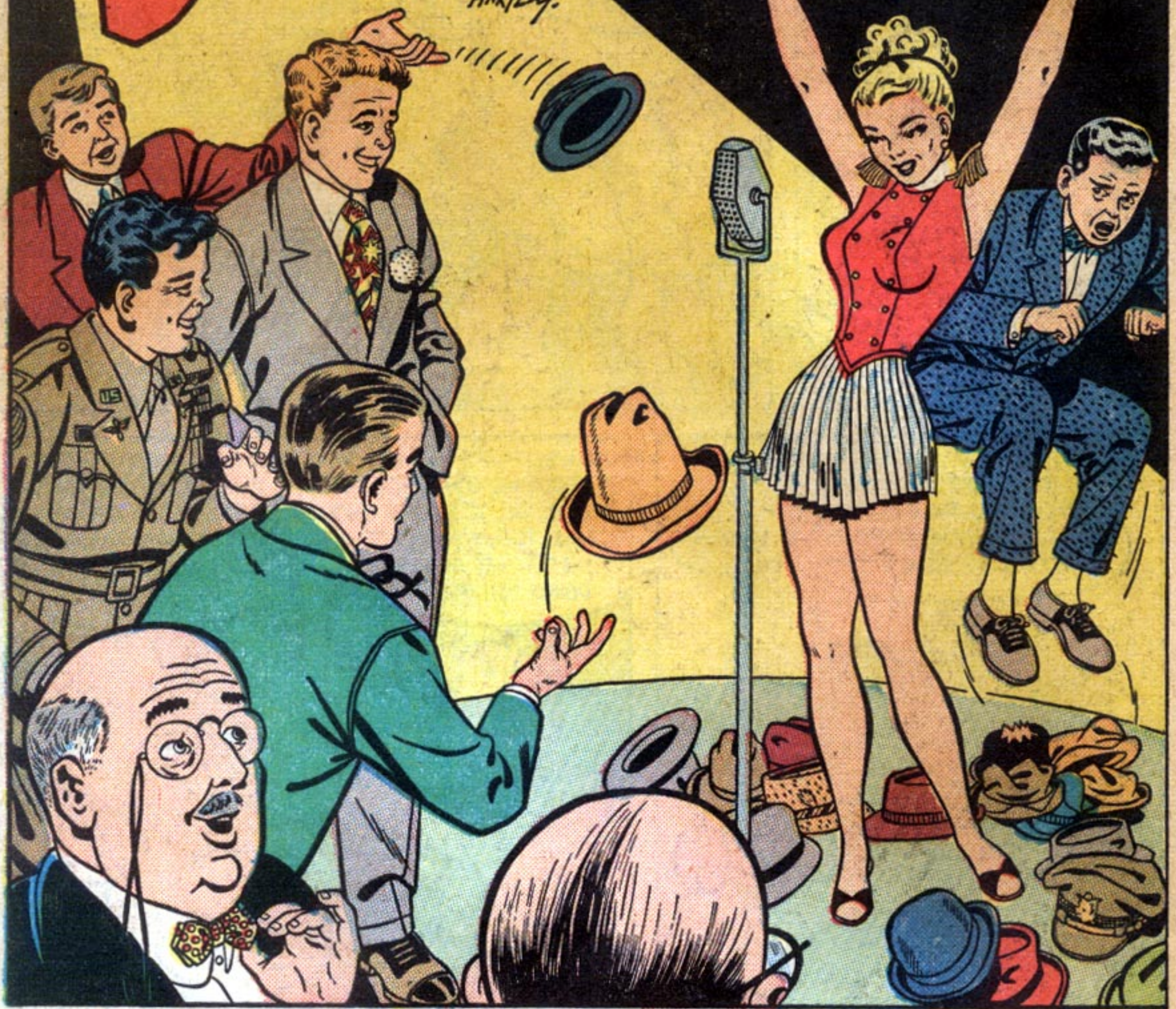
..... A. A. WYN
(Signature of publisher.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1947.

ROSE BLUMENTHAL, Notary Public
My Commission Expires March 30th, 1949

DOTTY

by AL HARLEY.



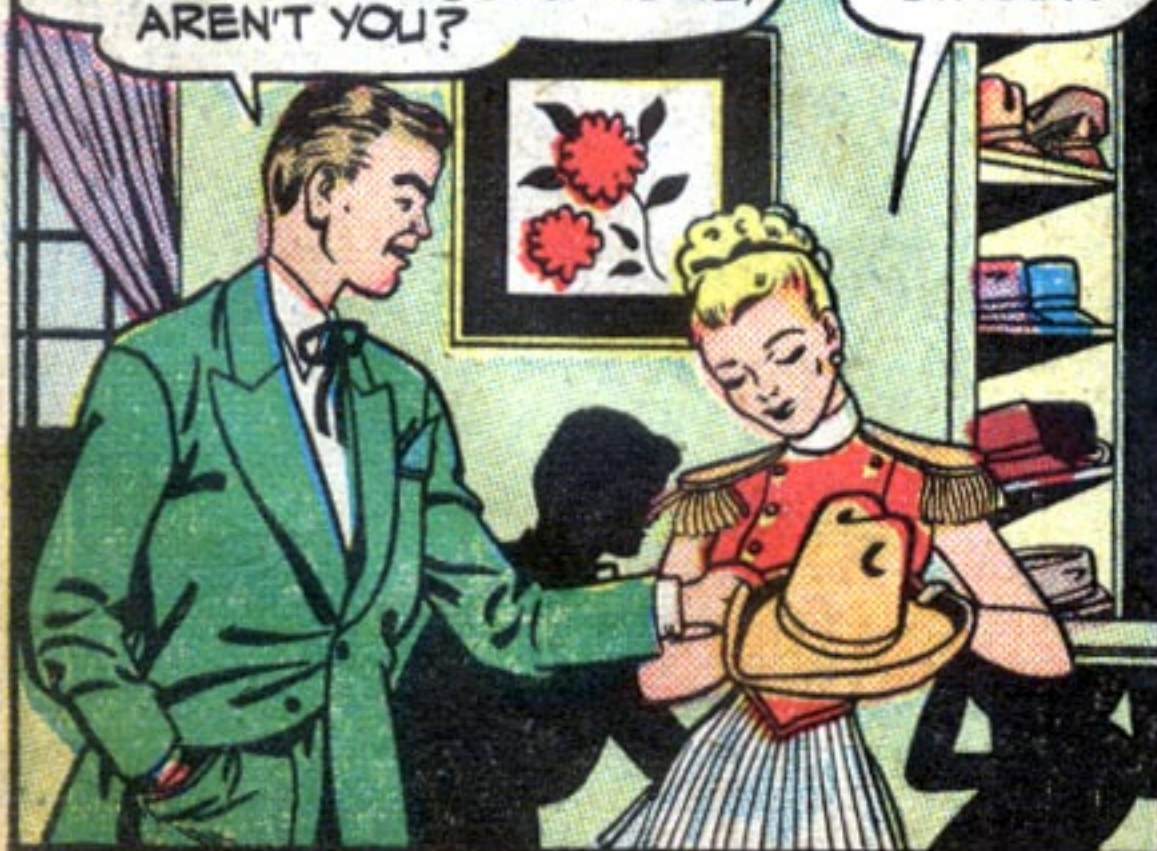
AT THE EL KISSCO CLUB...
WHERE DOTTY IS THE HAT
CHECK GIRL...

RECKON YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT
MINE ON THE TOP SHELF,
SUGAR. NEW AROUND HERE,
AREN'T YOU?

OH, YES SIR, BUT
HAT CHECKING
IS ONLY A TEMP-
ORARY JOB FOR
ME. I'M GOING
TO BE A
SINGER.

BACK TO THE TALL
TIMBER, WOLF. THIS
LITTLE LAMB IS
STRICTLY FOR THE
REGULARS... LIKE
ME. HIYA, DOTTY!

OH, HELLO,
MISTER, ER,
WHAT'S YOUR
NAME?





I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE DID! I GOT A NEW JOB AS ASSISTANT TO A PRIVATE DICK... HE TOLD ME TO SHADOW ANYBODY WHO LOOKED SUSPICIOUS!

HMMM...ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR SILLY JOBS!



NOW, KITTEN... DON'T BE LIKE THAT! THIS'LL BRING ME FAME AND FORTUNE... JUST LIKE IT HAPPENS IN THE MOVIES! THEN WE CAN GET MARRIED!

MARRIED? BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE A HOUSEWIFE! I WANT TO SING!



IF YOU CARED FOR ME, YOU'D HELP ME TO GET A SINGING CONTRACT. BUT NO! FIRST YOU WENT TO BARBER COLLEGE... AND THEN YOU TEAMED UP WITH THAT CRAZY INVENTOR... AND THAT TIME YOU...

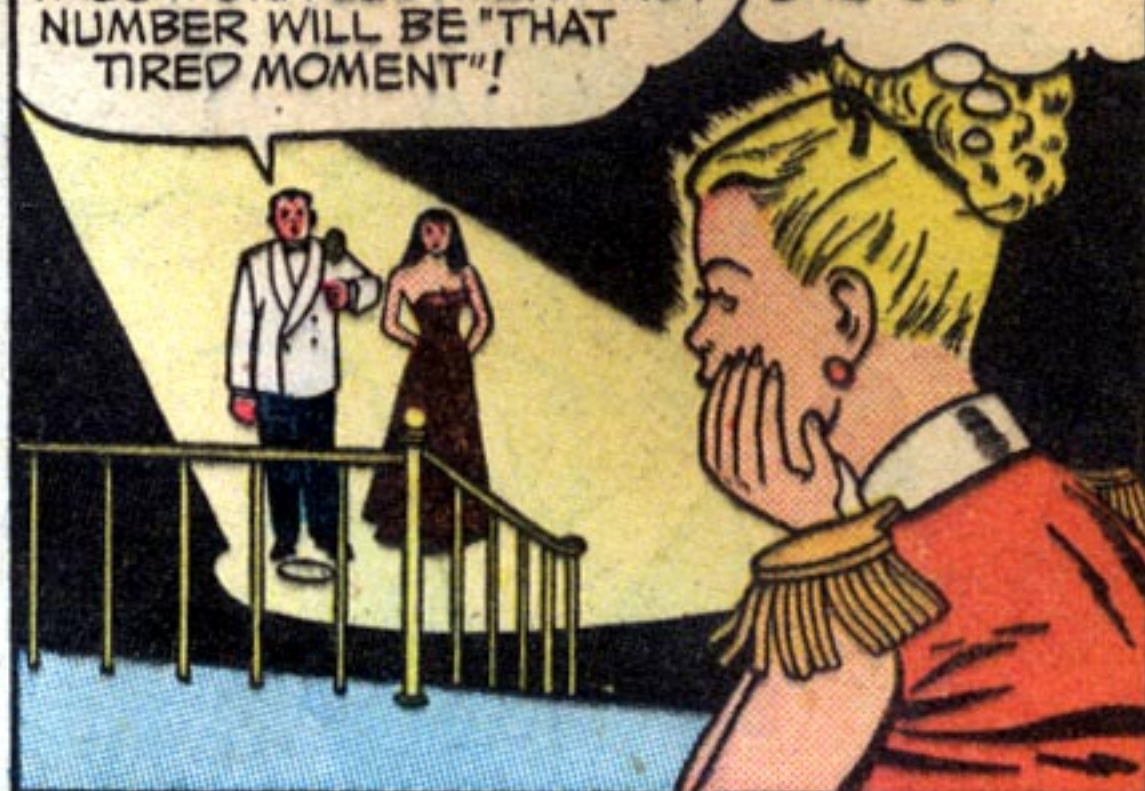
SHHH... THERE HE GOES! I GUESS I WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE YOU HOME... THIS MIGHT TAKE ALL NIGHT!



JUST THEN... THE LIGHTS DIM... AND THE FLOOR SHOW STARTS...

...AND PRESENTING YOUR FAVORITE TORCH SINGER... MISS MONA LEE! HER FIRST NUMBER WILL BE "THAT TIRED MOMENT"!

I COULD WARBLE THAT SONG BETTER THAN MONA! WONDER IF I'LL EVER GET A BREAK LIKE SHE GOT...



THAT TIRED MOMENT... MADE ME SAD... MADE ME GLAD...!

TUM DE DUM... MADE ME SAD... MADE ME GLAD...!



...AND THAT MOMENT... MADE ME SO TIRED... I HAD TO SIT DOWN...!

WHAT A VOICE! WHAT A GIRL! JUST THE ONE I NEED! I GOTTA GET HER! MY, MY!



AT LONG LAST...IT'S TIME
FOR DOTTY TO GO HOME...

I BEG YA
PARDON...!

I NEVER TALK TO STRANGERS.
...EXCEPT ON THE PHONE.



YOU'RE NOT MY TYPE
...AND WHAT'S MORE
I NEVER LET MYSELF
BE PICKED UP!
BYE,NOW!

B-BUT...YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND...!
WAIT! ER...THEN
WHAT'S YOUR
PHONE NUMBER?



IF YOU DON'T STOP
FOLLOWING ME...I'LL
...I'LL ...**SCREAM!**

NO-PLEASE...! IT
MIGHT RUIN YOUR
VOICE! WHY DON'T
YOU STOP AND
LISTEN TO ME!?



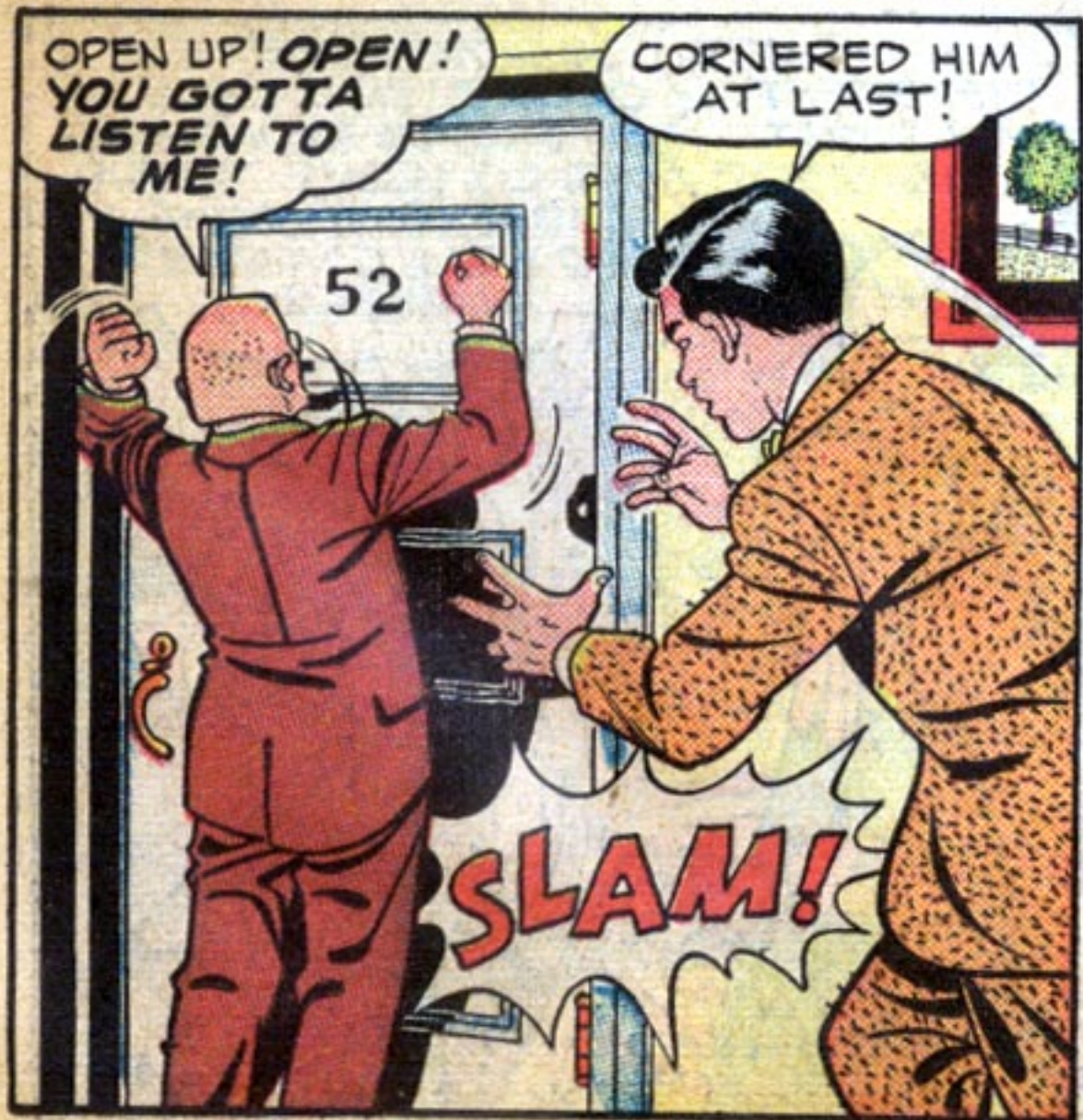
HE'S STILL CHASING
...(PUFF) ME! OHHH
...IF LESTER WERE
...(PUFF) ONLY HERE!

AH HA...I
THOUGHT THE
RAT WOULD TRY
TO NIBBLE MY
COOKIE!



OPEN UP! OPEN!
YOU GOTTA
LISTEN TO
ME!

CORNERED HIM
AT LAST!

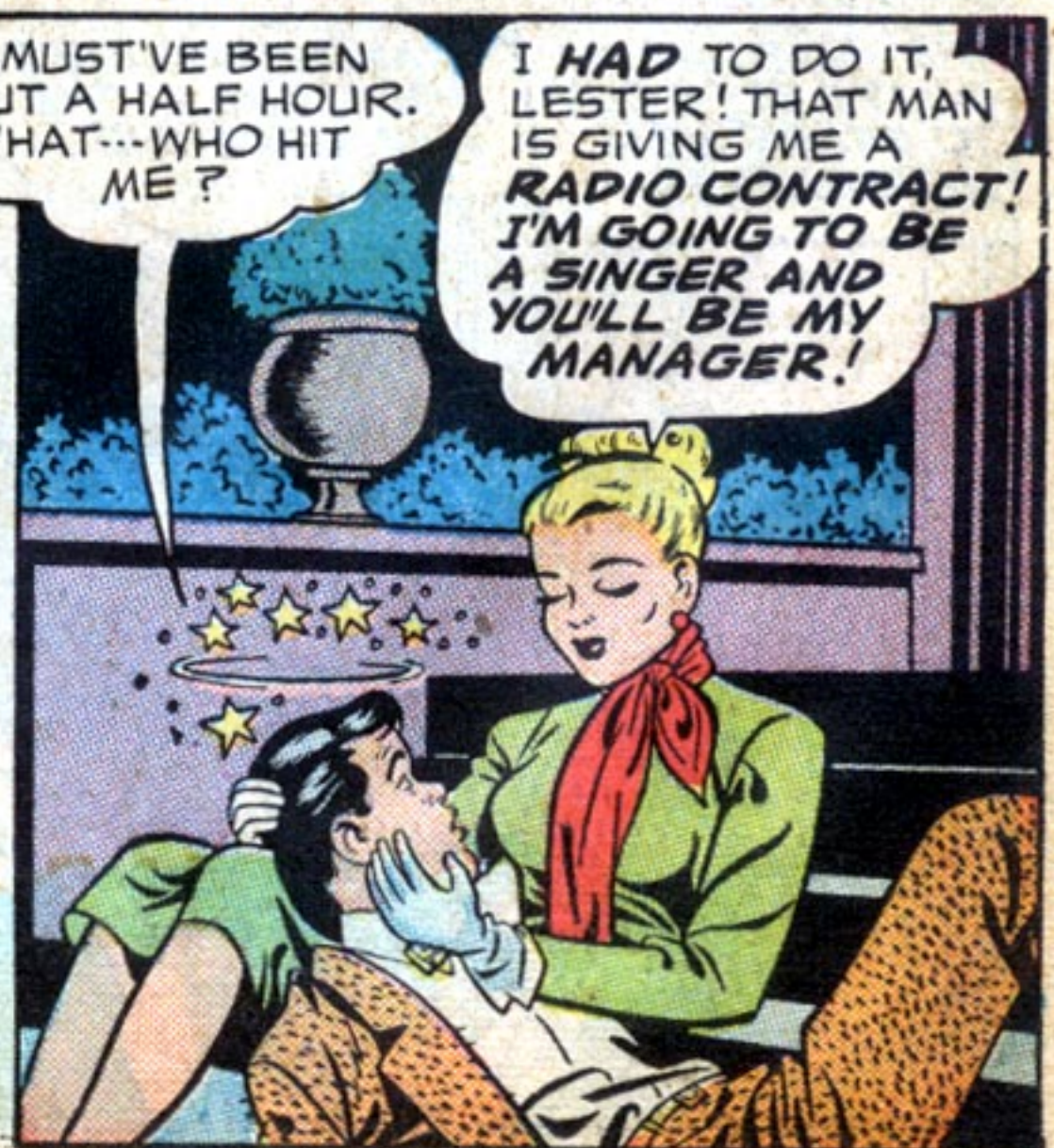


GOTCHA! PROSPECTING
FOR MY LITTLE GOLDDIGGER,
HUH?

HALP!
POLICE!
THE MAN'S
HALF-NUTTY...
**NO, COMPLETELY
NUTS!**













OKAY...EVERYBODY OUT! HERE WE ARE!

(PANT) ARE... ARE...WE IN ONE PIECE, LESTER?

I DUNNO...! (GULP)

SKEEEEEEEEE!



OKAY, OFFICER...HERE'S HER AUTOGRAPH FOR BEING SO NICE TO US! NOW, NOW...DON'T START THANKING US! WE WUZ GLAD TO DO IT!

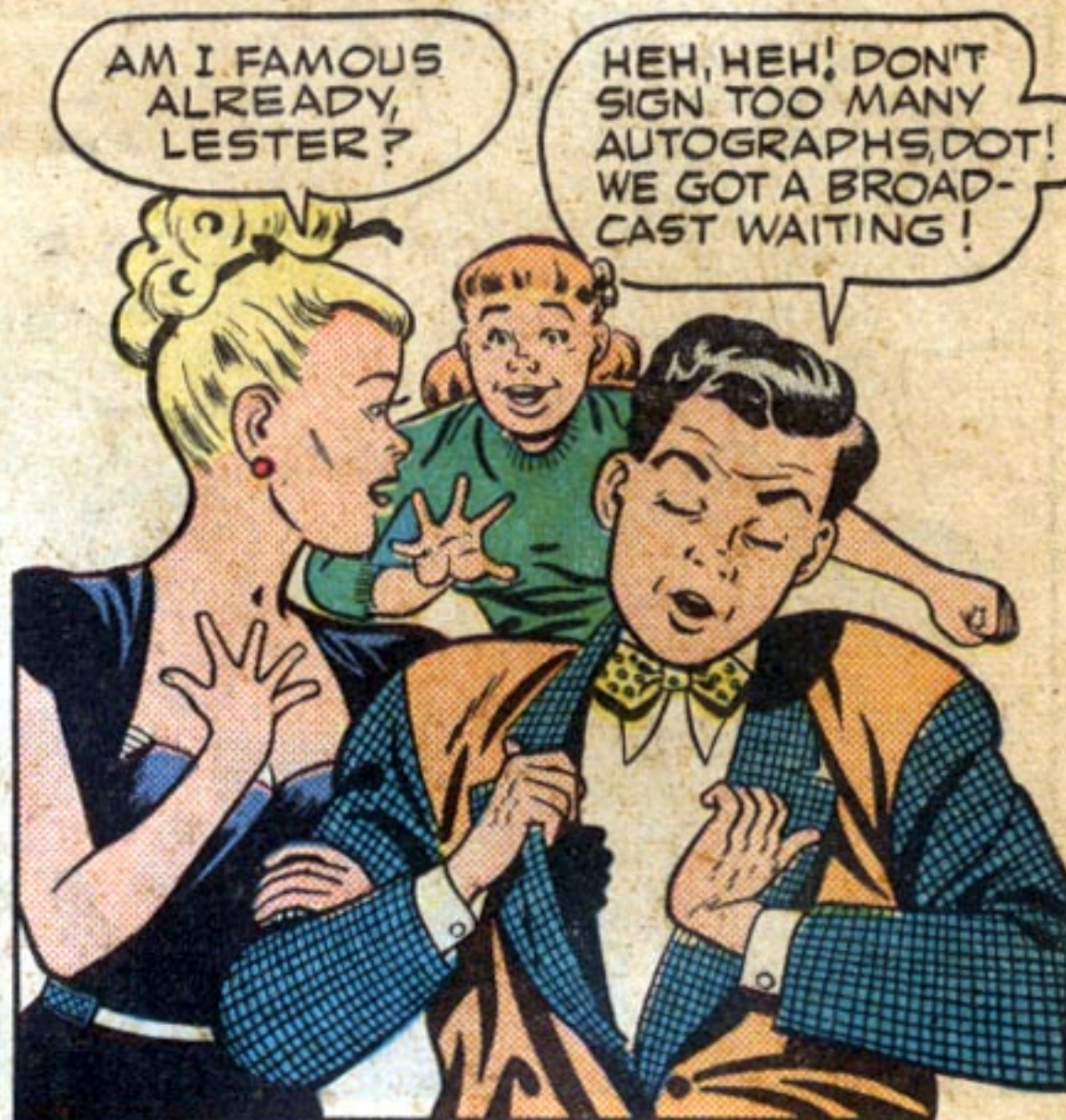
WHAT?! DON'T I GET FREE TICKETS TO THE SHOW?



LET'S GO, DOTTY!

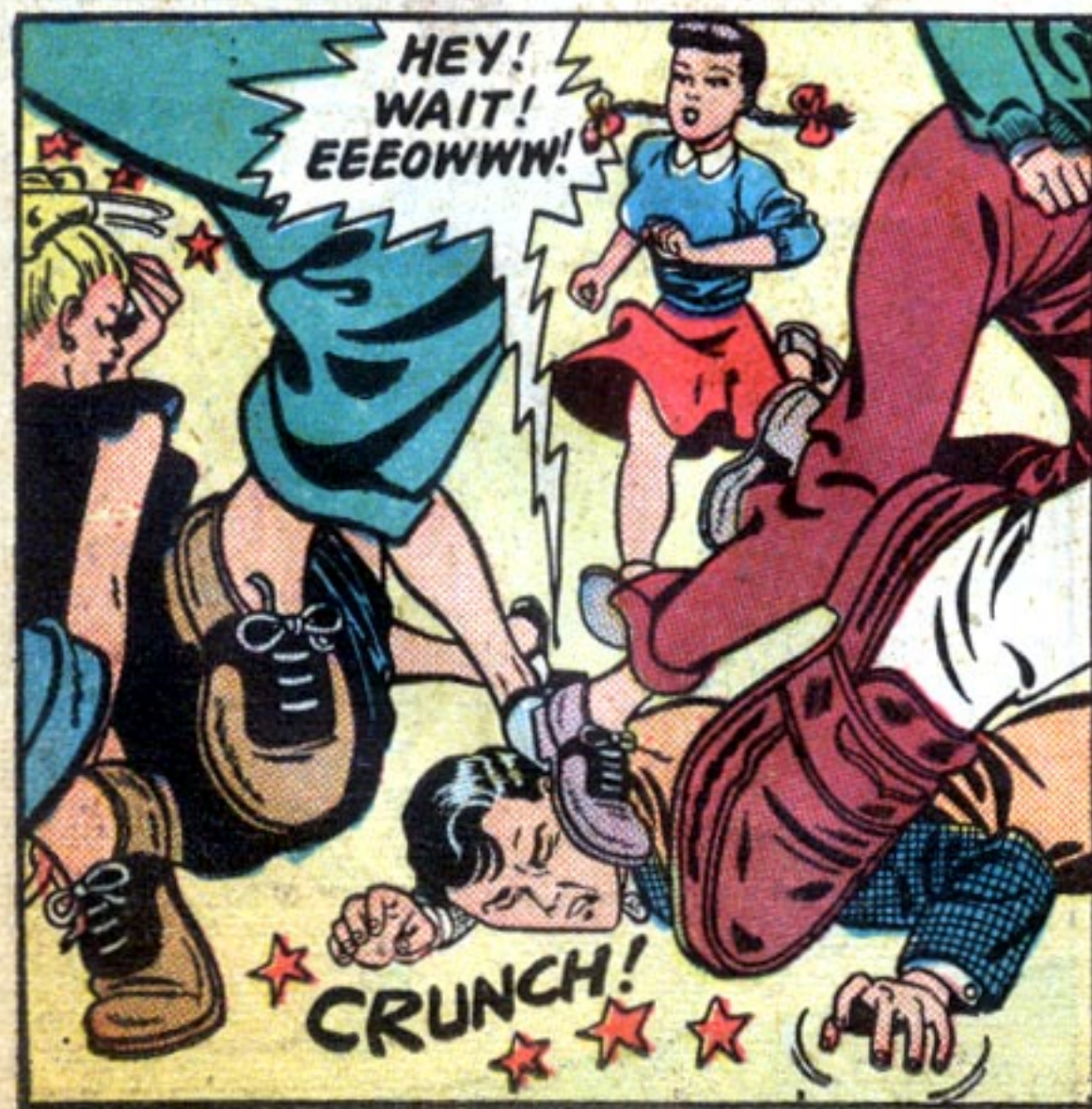
LOOK! THERE SHE IS!

BABBLE BROADCASTING COMPANY



AM I FAMOUS ALREADY, LESTER?

HEH, HEH! DON'T SIGN TOO MANY AUTOGRAPHS, DOT! WE GOT A BROADCAST WAITING!



HEY! WAIT! EEEOWWW!

CRUNCH!



SIGN MINE, MISS DEVINE! CAN I HAVE YER AUTOGRAPH, PLEASE!

IT'S DORIS DEVINE...! THAT'S WHO THEY WENT AFTER!

DON'T WORRY, DOTTY! AFTER THIS BROADCAST, THEY'LL BE GALLOPING TO YOU...NOT OVER YOU!



AHHH---AT LAST!
HURRY---THE WHOLE
ORCHESTRA IS
WAITING FOR YOU!

LET 'EM WAIT! YOU
CAN'T EXPECT A STAR
LIKE DOTTY TO BE
ON TIME!



LOOK---THE SCHMALTZ
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
IS GOING TO ACCOMPANY
YOU!

WOW---WE'RE
REALLY IN
THE BIG
TIME!

GEE---!



PLE-E-EASE ---CAN'T
YOU HURRY!? THE
ORCHESTRA WAITS---!

HOW'S
THAT,
DOTTY?

SQUISH---
SQUISH!



MI---MI---DO---RE---!
I'M READY NOW, MR.
PLUNK! ♪ ♪ ♪

WE'RE ALL
SET! WHAT DO
YOU WANT HER
TO SING,
MAESTRO?



THIS! A HIGH SOPRANO SCREAM
---DROPPING TO A LOW, GASPING
WAIL IT'S FOR THE OPENING
SOUND EFFECT ON MY NEW
MYSTERY SHOW "MURDER
AT MIDNIGHT"!

AIEEEEEE!
HE WANTS
ME TO BE
A **SOUND
EFFECT!**



CAN YOU
IMAGINE---

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT---
PHOOEY! DIDN'T I TELL
YA THERE WAS SOME-
THING SUSPICIOUS
ABOUT THAT GUY?

IT'S A JOKE, SON!

A man from out of town came into a restaurant and called a waitress. "I want a glass of half water, half orange juice with the seeds left in, an order of burnt toast, a couple of eggs boiled so hard I'll have to use an ax to crack 'em open, and a cup of weak coffee with plenty of grounds in the bottom of the cup."

Without questioning the order, the waitress filled it and put it before the man. "Now, will there be anything else?" she asked.

"Yeah," the man replied "sit down and nag me. I'm homesick!"

* * *

A subway rider who was too short to reach a strap to hang onto when all the seats were taken, grabbed instead the beard of the man standing next to him. The bearded man's face turned red and he yelled, "Let go my whiskers, you idiot!"

"Why, what's the matter, mister?" the short fellow asked. "You getting off at the next station?"

* * *

Sam the switchman was told by his physician that he should stop taking sleep-powders every night for ten or twelve become an unbreakable habit."

"Aw, don't gimme a line of malarkey, doc", Sam replied. "I've been takin' them powders every night for ten or twelve years, and they ain't become a habit yet!"

* * *

A beautiful woman in her forties was walking through a park when she heard a whistle: "Twee-twee!" Turning, she saw a young marine approaching her with a broad smile.

"Now don't get any ideas about sharing a bench with me, sonny. I'm a grandmother."

Still smiling, the young marine chirped: "But Grandmother! What big eyes you have!"

* * *

A distant relative came to call one day on Aunt Prudence Crabbe. Since Aunt Prude never offered to talk about anything but high taxes and the weather, the caller became ill at ease and was about to leave when suddenly an idea struck him.

He spoke up brightly: "Isn't it about time for your husband to come home from work?"

"Nope!" said Aunt Prude. "He ain't comin' home."

"Why? Where did he go?" the caller asked.

"He went out to the cemetery," Aunt Prude replied.

"Well, he won't be there long, will he?"

"Can't say," Aunt Prude muttered, "but he's been out there eight years so far!"

* * *

A woman was telling another woman seated in the next chair at the beauty parlor about the theory of reincarnation. "I believe in it firmly," she said. "After we are dead we always return to Earth as another creature or person."

The woman next to her snapped back, "Do you really think that if I died, I might come back as a horse?"

"Oh, no!" the first woman exclaimed. "You can't be the same thing twice!"

* * *

A short while after a little boy was lead by his mother into a doctor's office someone started to yell like he was being murdered. At that moment the nurse, who had been out to lunch, returned and flung open the door to gaze at a strange spectacle.

"Now be a good boy, Johnny," the mother was coaxing. "Say ah-h-h-h so the naughty doctor can get his finger out of your mouth!"

* * *

The vaudeville booking agent looked on sourly as Jingo Janes began to put on his act with a monkey and a dachshund. The monkey sat down to a piano and began playing "Old Man River" while the dog stood on his hind legs and started to sing the lyrics, word for word.

The booking agent was amazed by the act. "I've never seen anything like it in my life!" he exclaimed. "A monkey that plays the piano and a dog that sings like a human being! I'll give you five thousand dollars for those animals, Jingo, and put on the act

myself!"

"Nothing doing," Jingo Janes replied.

"I'll make it ten thousand!" the agent yelled.

Jingo shook his head. "I'd be cheating you. This act is phony. The dog can't really sing. The monkey is a ventriloquist!"

* * *

Dopey Dora was telling her friend, Soapy Sadie, how hard she had fallen for her latest boy friend. "I gotta soft spot in my head for him."

* * *

MacTavish: "Hey, Sandy! Where's the bridegroom? I dinna see him since he left the church."

MacDougal: "Look down there behind the car. He's trying on the old shoes!"

* * *

Fahey and O'Toole were having a heated discussion over the coming election. The pot really boiled over when Fahey declared that their friend, McManus, was going to vote the straight Republican ticket. "That is not what he told me!" O'Toole shouted. "And just to prove it to you, come along with me and ask him!"

Finding McManus at a nearby store, O'Toole cleared his throat, pointed to Fahey and said: "Tell this numbskull how you're going to vote, McManus."

"Same as always," McManus replied. "Standing up!"

* * *

Gimpy Grogan was taken to court on an assault and battery charge. It was claimed that while the plaintiff, Fifth Ace McGee, was bending over to tie his shoelace, Grogan had kicked him in the face.

But Gimpy's lawyer was a shrewd article. "Your honor," he pleaded, "I contend that my client did not kick the plaintiff in the kisser because my client's right foot is uncontrollable, and I do not understand how he can be blamed for an assault committed by something that is not a part of him."

The judge winked and said: "That is a very sound argument. I therefore sentence the defendant's right foot to 90 days in jail. If he chooses, he may accompany the offending foot."

Whereupon, Gimpy Grogan removed his wooden leg, pinned up his trouser, grabbed his cane and hobbled out of the courtroom!

* * *

A letter carrier stopped by an RFD box in the back woods of Tennessee, but the woman who lived in the cabin on the near-

by piney ridge came running down in her barefeet before he could drop the letter which he had brought for her. "Hold on a jiffy, Zeke, an' read me that there letter. I done lost mah specs."

The letter was from the woman's son, an army private. When the carrier had finished reading it to her, the woman began to sob. "Mah pore boy!" she cried. "Ah just knowed he'd never come back alive!"

"But how could he have writ you this here letter," the carrier asked, "if'n he wuz dead?"

"What you mean he ain't dead!" the woman snapped. "Don't he say in that there letter he's now in the Holy Land?"

* * *

A sailor promised his sweetheart that he would bring her a parrot when he returned from his voyage. But when he reached his home port after several weeks at sea he realized that he'd forgotten to bring back the bird. Rather than disappoint his sweetheart, he hastened out to the farming district and bought a small owl from a boy who had tamed it. Rushing back to town, the sailor dipped the owl in a pan of green dye, then took it to his girl friend, telling her that it was a rare type of parrot.

Before he left on his next voyage, he asked the girl if she'd taught the "parrot" how to talk. "No," she said, "I haven't been able to make him speak a single word. But I never did see a parrot that could sit and think like this one does!"

* * *

The Sunday dinner guest was becoming slightly more than annoyed at the little boy seated across the table. Each time the guest reached for his glass of water, the little boy would let out a yelp as though he was expecting something very strange to happen. Rather than cause a scene, the guest replaced his water glass each time without taking so much as a sip.

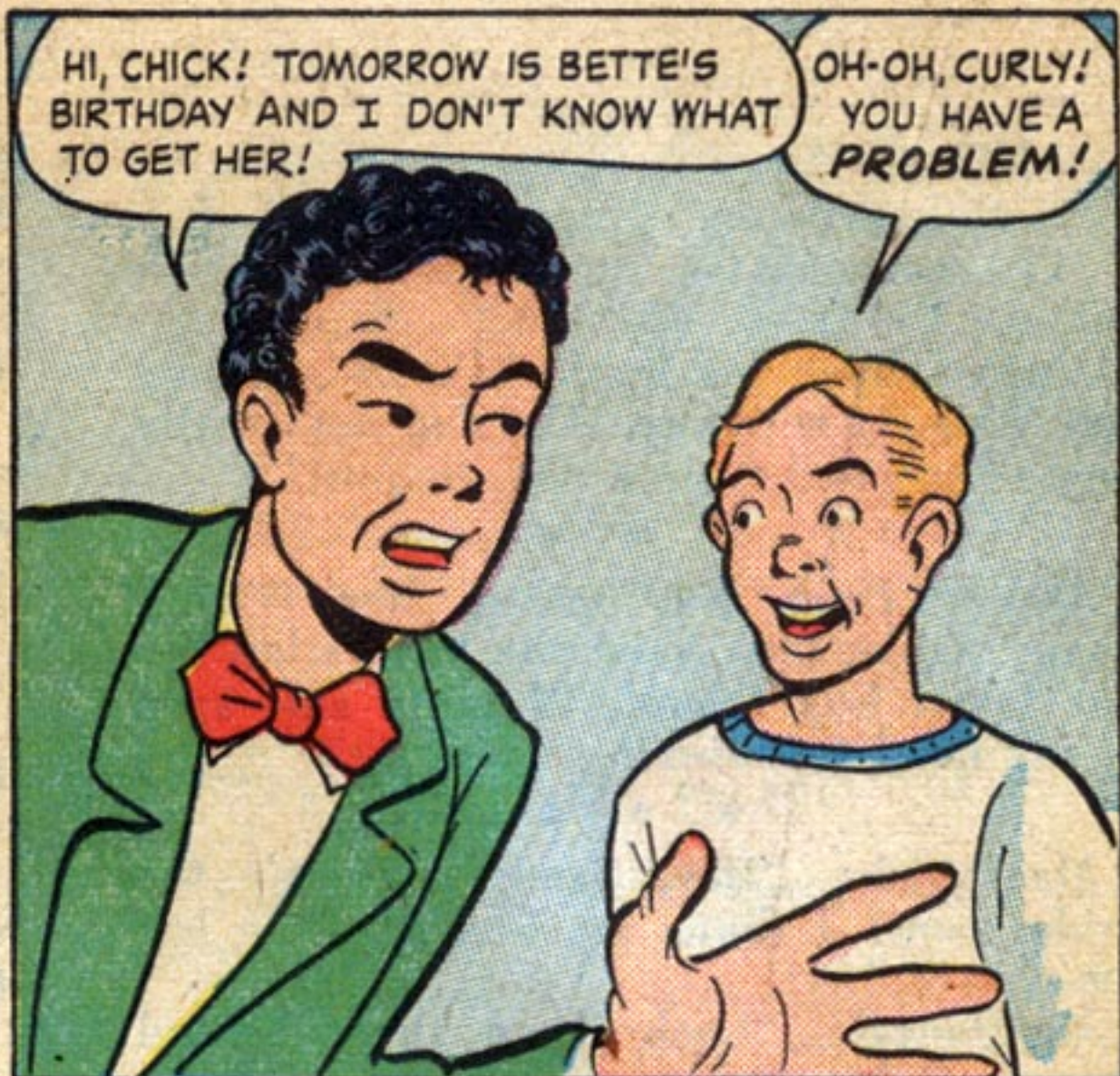
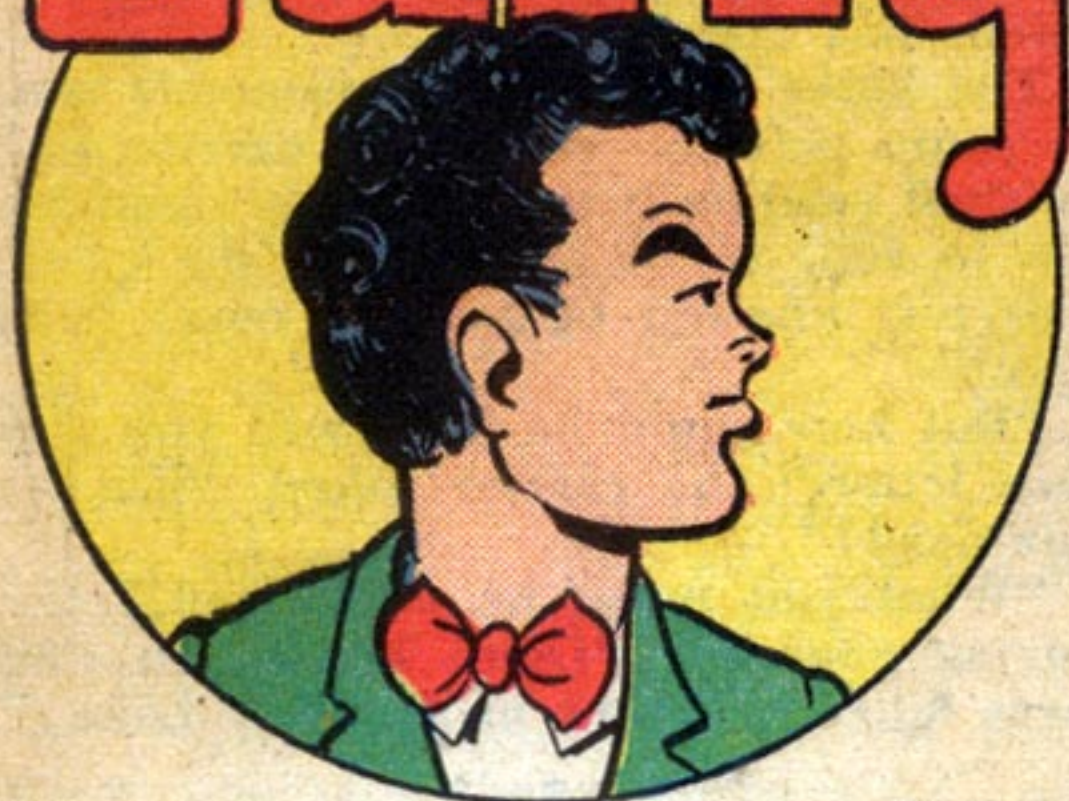
Finally he could stand it no longer. Looking the boy squarely in the eye he muttered, "Now look here, junior. What's the idea of staring at me every time I pick up a glass."

"Well, you see," the kid explained, "I can hardly wait to see how you do it."

"Do what?" the irate guest boomed. "You mean something strange will happen if I take a swallow of that water?"

"I guess so," the kid admitted. "Dad was telling mother last night that you drank like a fish!"

Curly





JERRY THE JINX



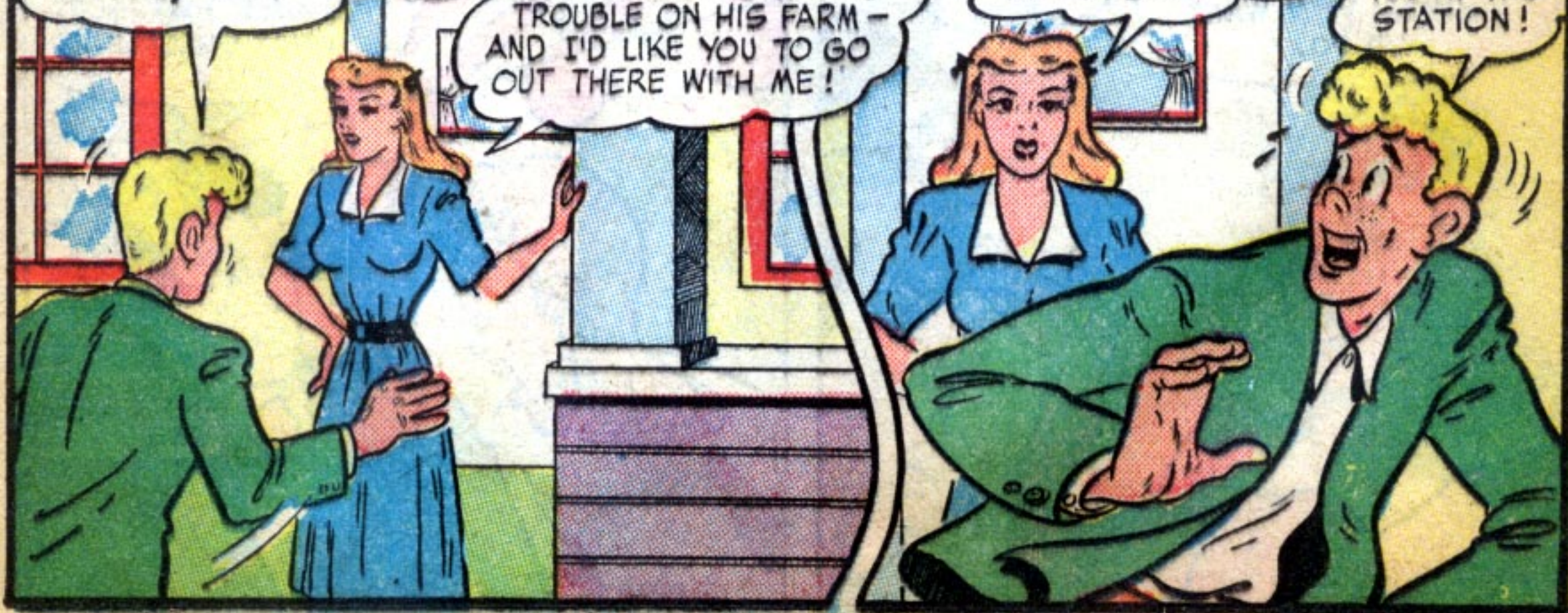
JERRY ANSWERS A RUSH CALL FROM HIS HEART'S DESIRE — — —

GEE, MARTHA— THIS MUST MEAN YOU DON'T THINK I'M A **JINX**, HUH?

(IF YOU ONLY KNEW!)
OF COURSE NOT, JERRY!
I NEED YOUR HELP! MY
UNCLE HIRAM IS HAVING
TROUBLE ON HIS FARM—
AND I'D LIKE YOU TO GO
OUT THERE WITH ME!

I'M CATCHING THE
NINE O'CLOCK TRAIN!
YOU'LL HAVE TO HUSTLE
TO MAKE IT!

I'LL RUN
HOME AND
PACK! MEET
YOU AT THE
STATION!



LATER-

HERE'S TWO SEATS MARTHA!
WE CAN SIT HERE!

ZZZZZZ

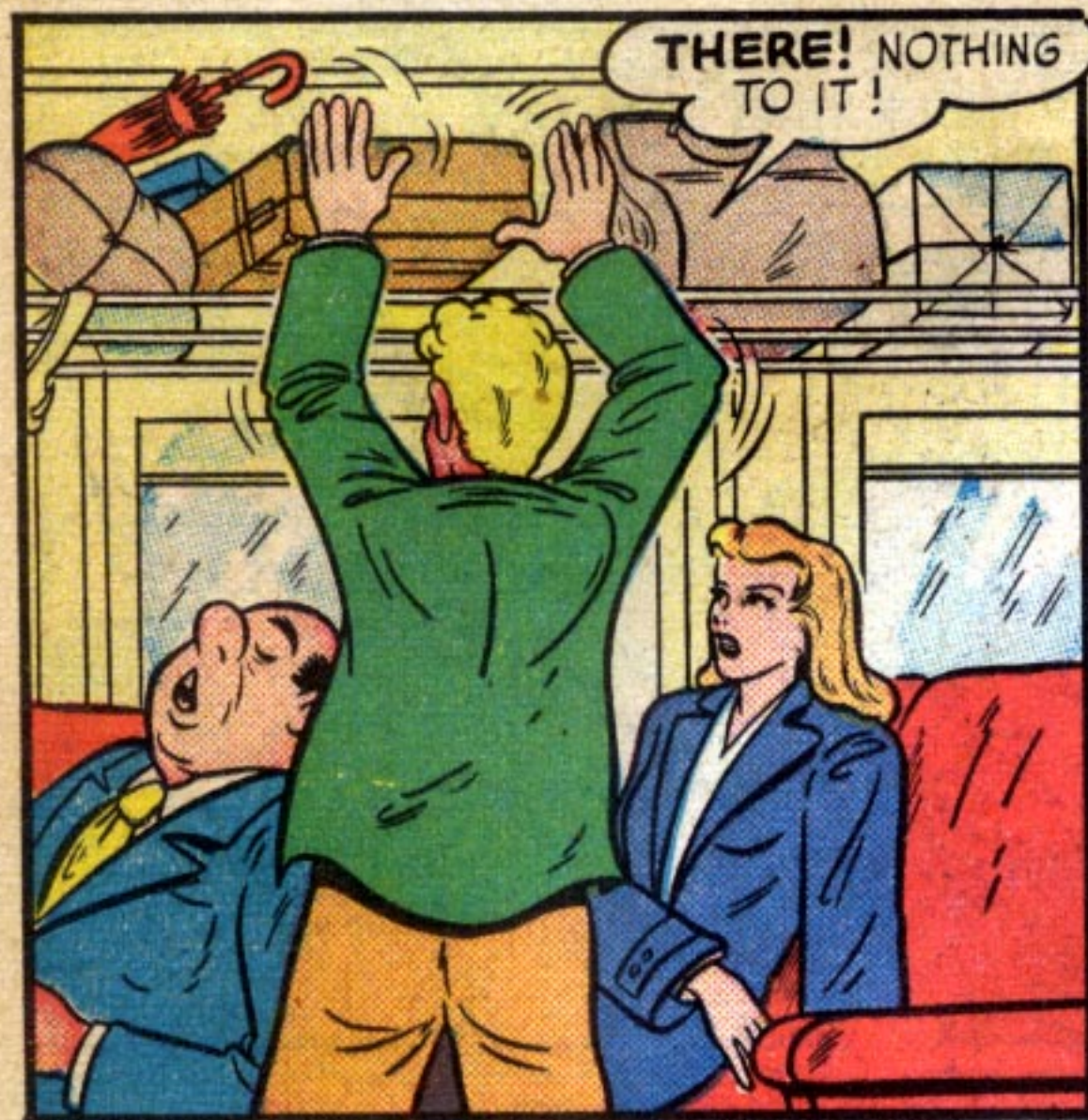


OOHH - THIS IS
HEAVY - OOF!

WAIT - LET
ME DO IT!



THERE! NOTHING
TO IT!



THE TRAIN LURCHES
TO A START - AND -

EOOW!



TRY TO MURDER ME
IN MY SLEEP, WILL
YOU? -

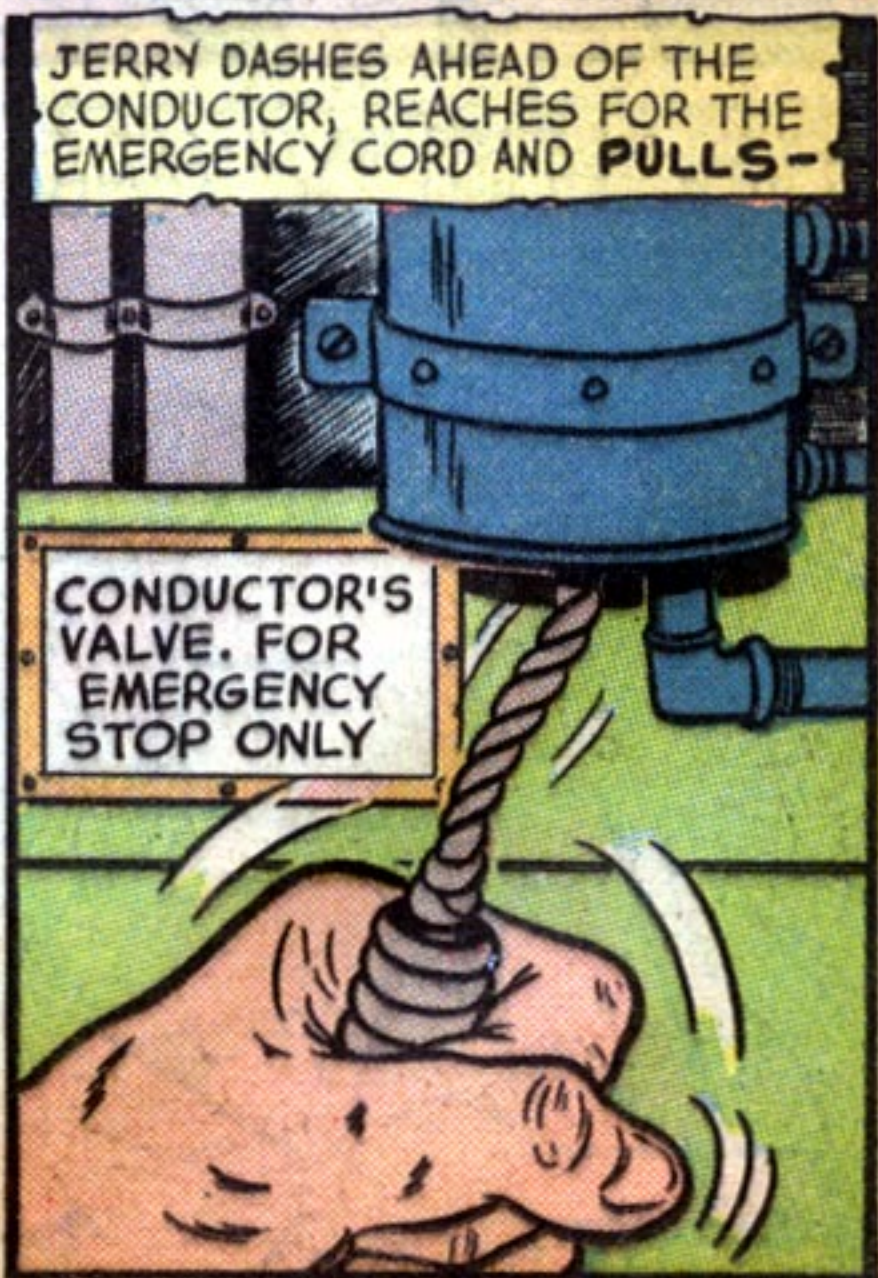
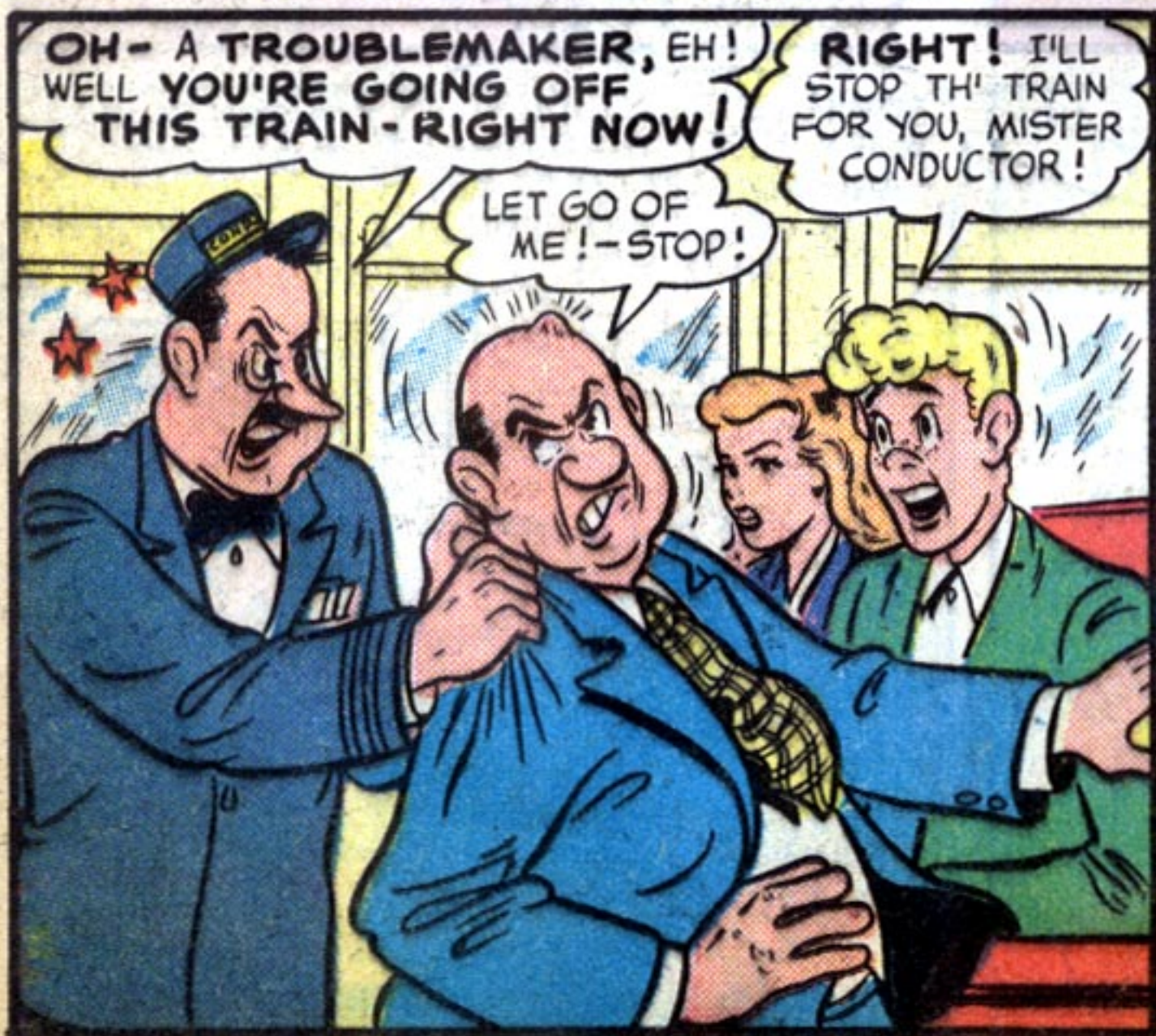
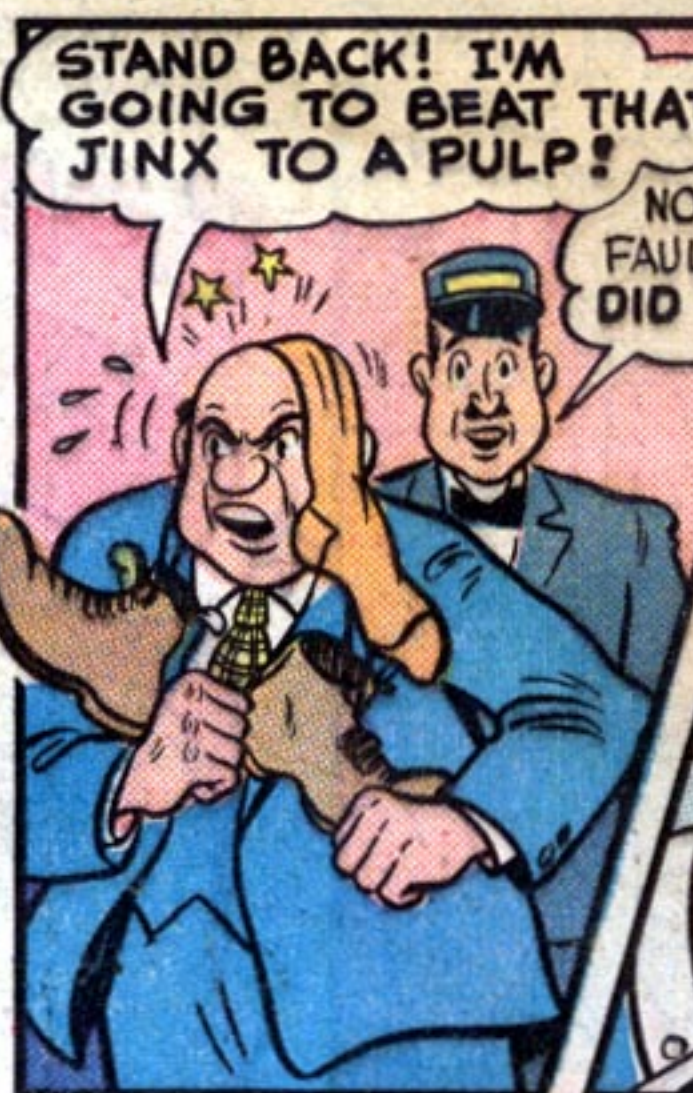
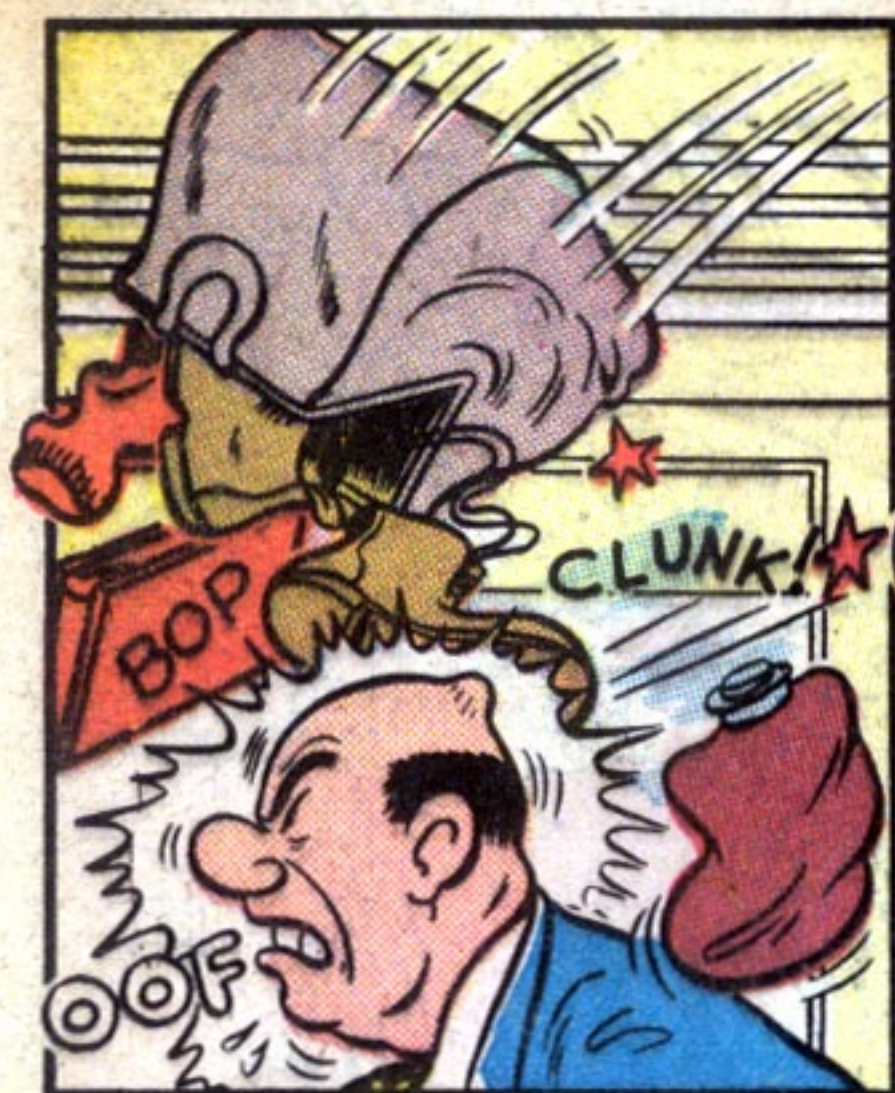
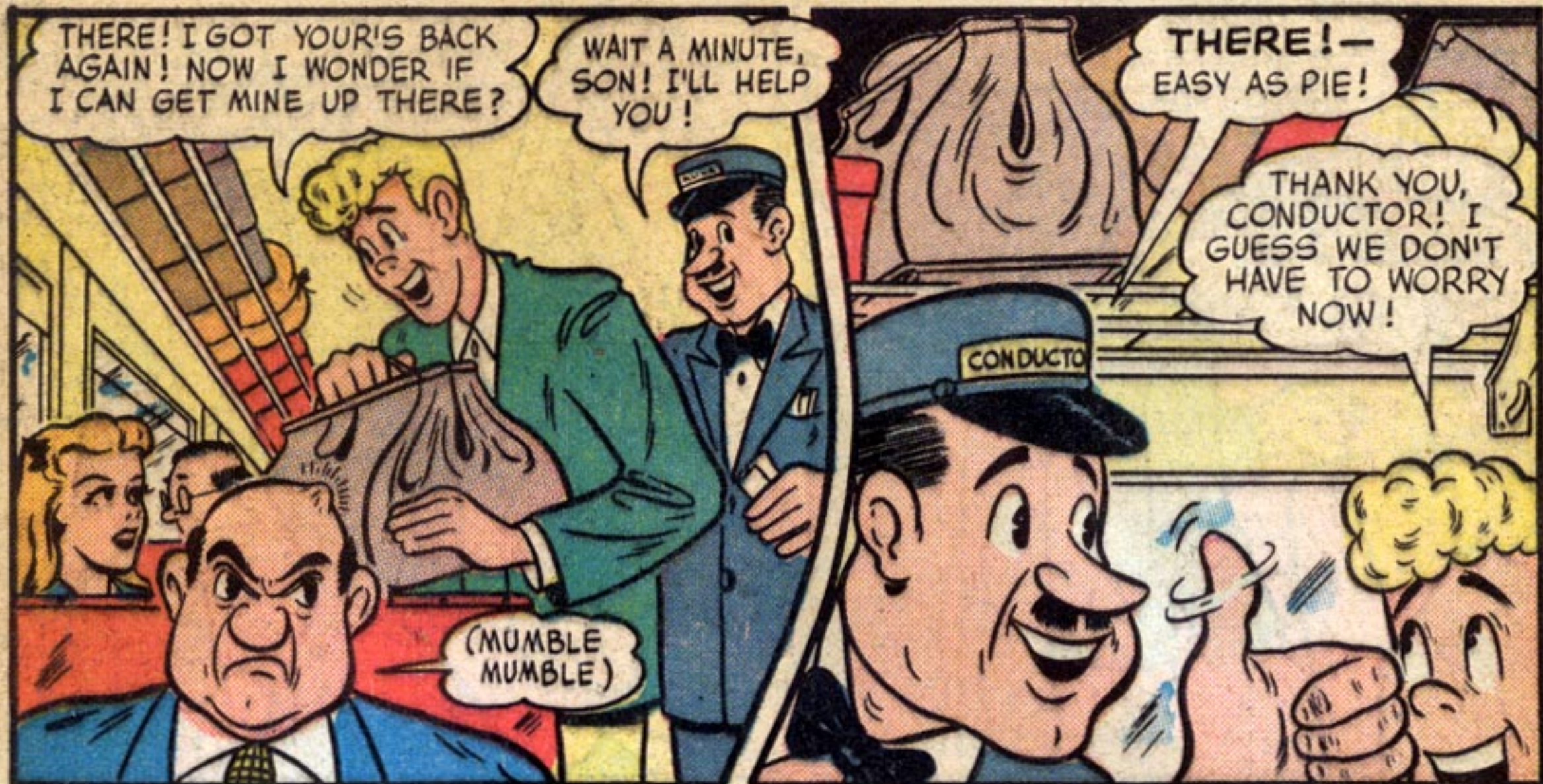
B-BUT IT WAS AN -
ACCIDENT!



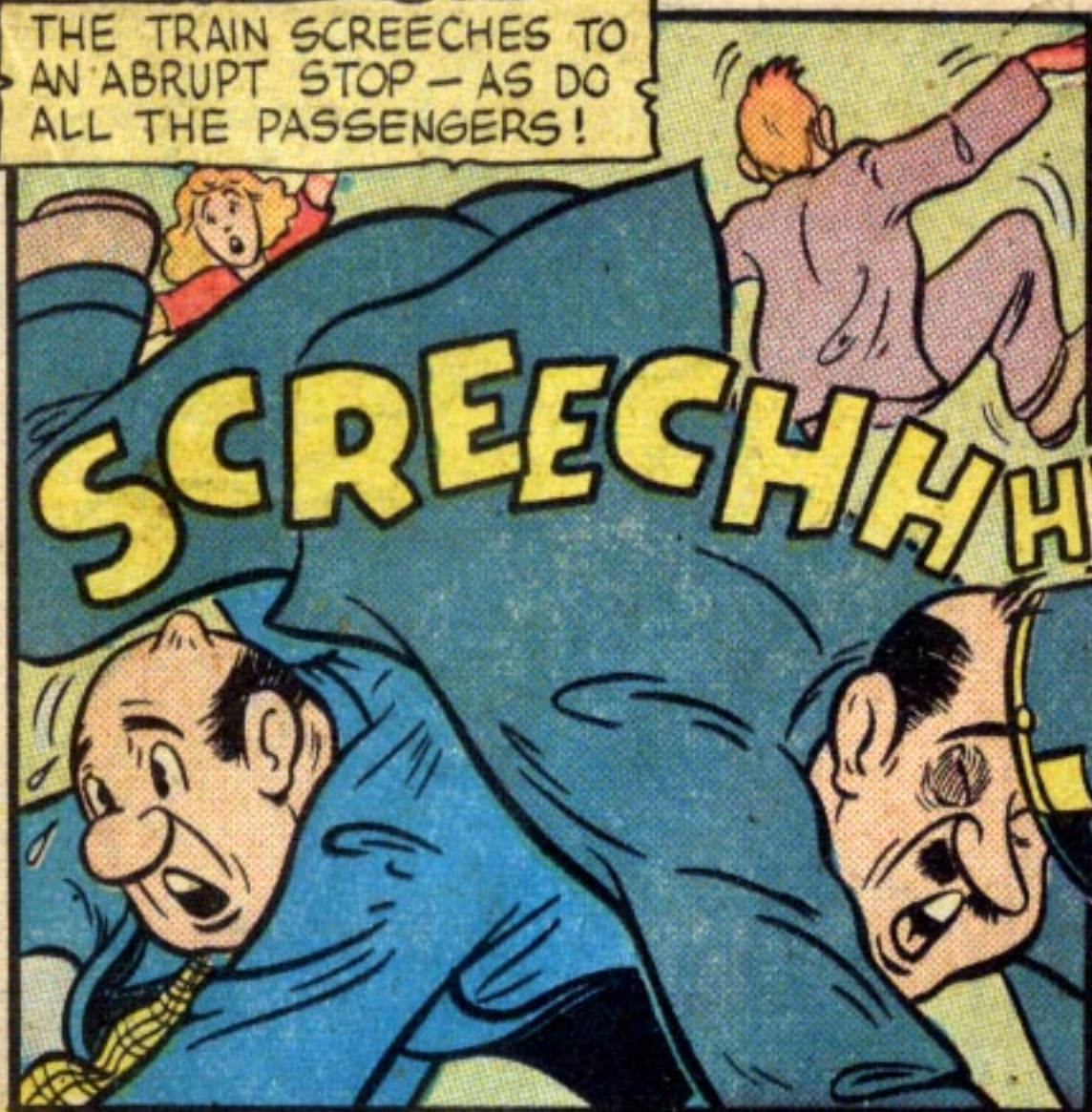
YOU'LL BE AN ACCIDENT
WHEN I GET THROUGH -!
- AND YOU LET GO OF ME!
THIS CRAZY KID ALMOST
BRAINED ME!

THERE, THERE -
DON'T GET SO
HET UP ABOUT
IT! ACCIDENTS
WILL HAPPEN!





THE TRAIN SCREECHES TO AN ABRUPT STOP — AS DO ALL THE PASSENGERS!



KEEP COOL, EVERYBODY AND NOBODY WILL BE KILLED!

KILLED?

WHA-?



THE TRAIN WAS WRECKED!

LEMME OUT!

SMASH THE WINDOWS!



WAIT--! BE CALM! THAT KID—HE--



WE WANT OUT!

C'MON MOVE! ONE SIDE!!

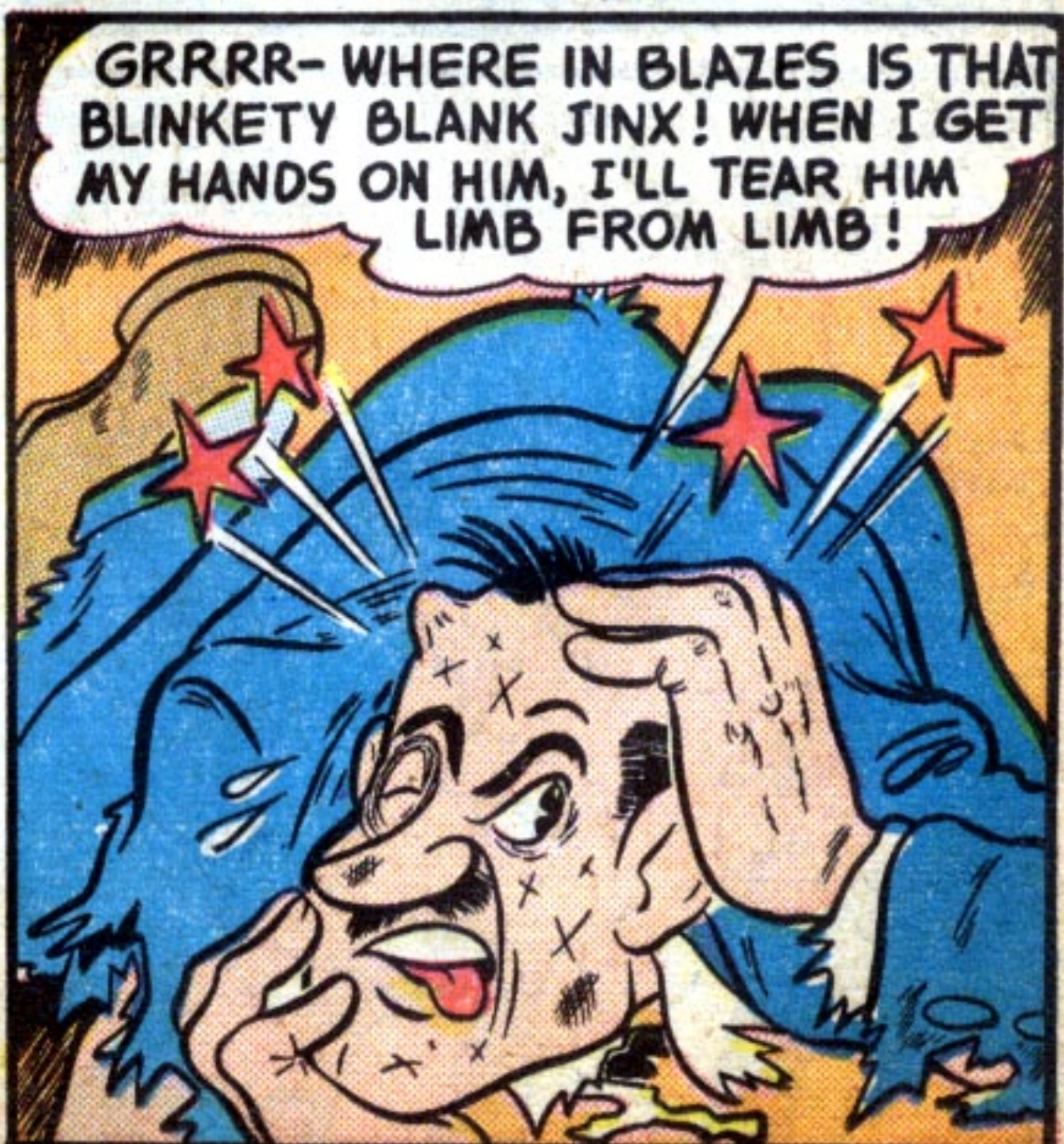


C'MON, MARTHA! I GOT THIS WINDOW OPEN— WE'D BETTER SCRAM OUT OF HERE, TOO! MAYBE SOMETHING DID HAPPEN! I'LL HELP YOU OUT AN' THROW OUR BAGS OUT TO YOU!

MY GOODNESS!



GRRRR— WHERE IN BLAZES IS THAT BLINKETY BLANK JINX! WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON HIM, I'LL TEAR HIM LIMB FROM LIMB!





JEEPERS, MARTHA - I HOPE YOU'RE NOT BLAMING ME FOR THAT TROUBLE BACK IN THE TRAIN! YOU HEARD WHAT THE CONDUCTOR SAID - IT COULD'VE HAPPENED TO **ANYONE!**

SURE - SURE! BUT I HOPE YOUR JINX WON'T PREVENT US FROM REACHING UNCLE'S PLACE IN ONE PIECE!



WHA - WHAT DID YOU SAY, MARTHA? J-J- JINX?

ER - N-NO! I SAID I WAS GETTING **KINKS** IN MY LEGS FROM ALL THIS WALKING!

AFTER A FEW LONG, LEG-WEARY MILES -
AT LAST - UNCLE HIRAM'S FARM!



UNCLE HIRAM - THIS - THIS IS JERRY! HE SORT OF CAME OUT TO **HELP** YOU BY GOING T - -!

WAL, YOUNG MAN, -**WELCOME!** NICE OF YOU T'COME OUT! I **NEED HELP** MIGHTY BAD! YESSIREE!



B-B-BUT UNCLE -!

MY COMPETITOR - THE OLE' HOSS THIEF - LURED AWAY ALL MY HIRED HANDS AND I'M ALL ALONE NOW! MIGHTY THOUGHTFUL OF MARTHA TO BRING **YOU** OUT!



UNCLE -! PSSSST!

YOU GO ON INTO THE HOUSE, MARTHA! JERRY AND I WILL SHOW **OLD JONAS!** HEH, HEH! HE FIGGERS I WON'T BE ABLE TO DO MY CHORES! **WE'LL START WITH THE HAY!**



THERE GOES JONAS NOW! HE THINKS HE CAN BEAT ME TO THE HOTELS WITH HIS PRODUCE BECAUSE I'M SHORT-HANDED!

WE'LL SHOW HIM! MMM - WHAT'S THIS



OOPS! WHAT DID I DO?



SLAM!

HALP-UB-GLUB!



THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT WITH ME ON THE JOB-DON'T BE ANGRY. I'LL GET YOU OUT!



HALP!



HOLD STILL NOW! I DON'T WANNA SPEAR YOU LIKE A FROG!

WAL, HURRY UP! I'M SUFFERCATIN!



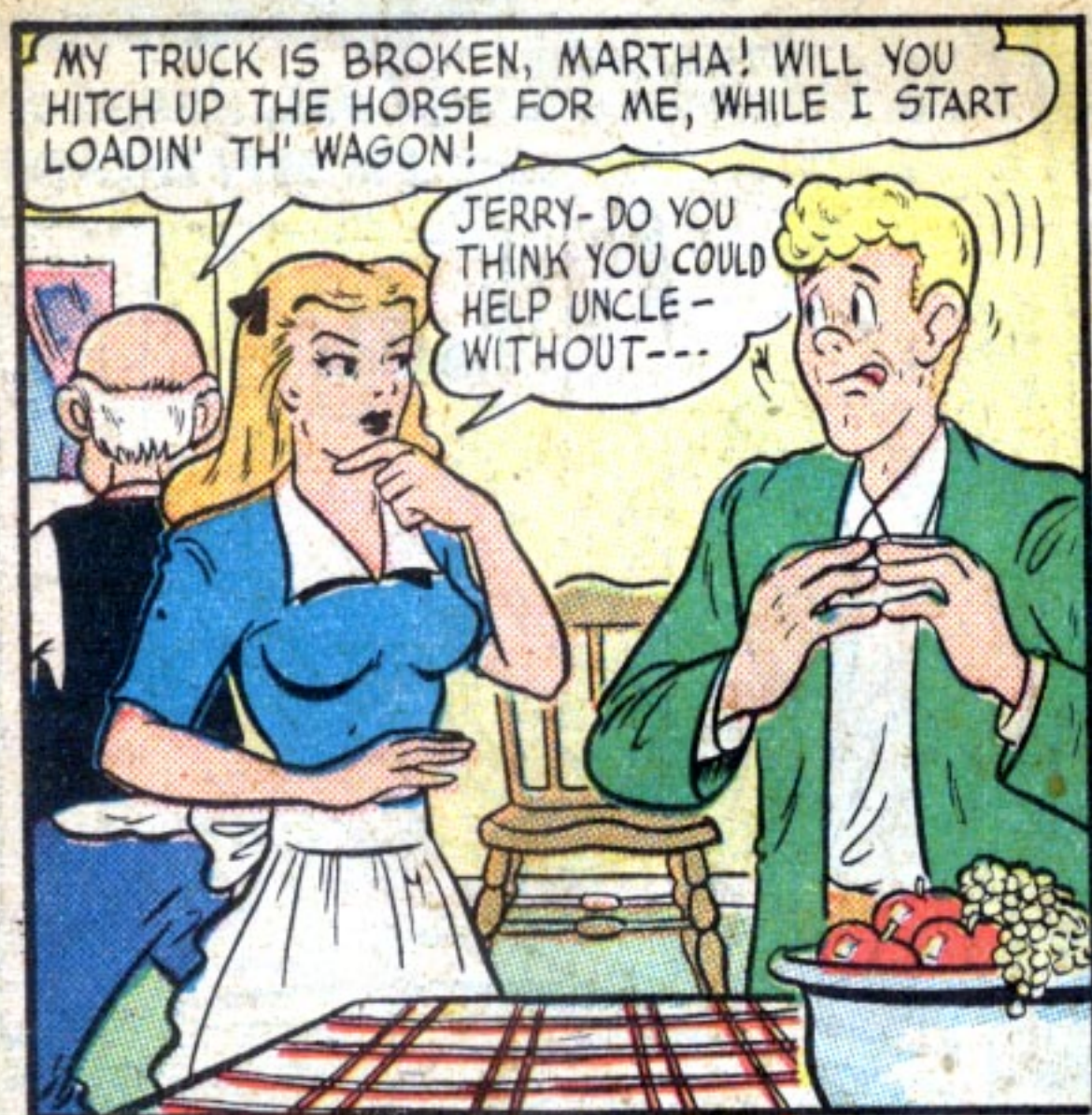
HEY! I TOLD YOU NOT TO MOVE!

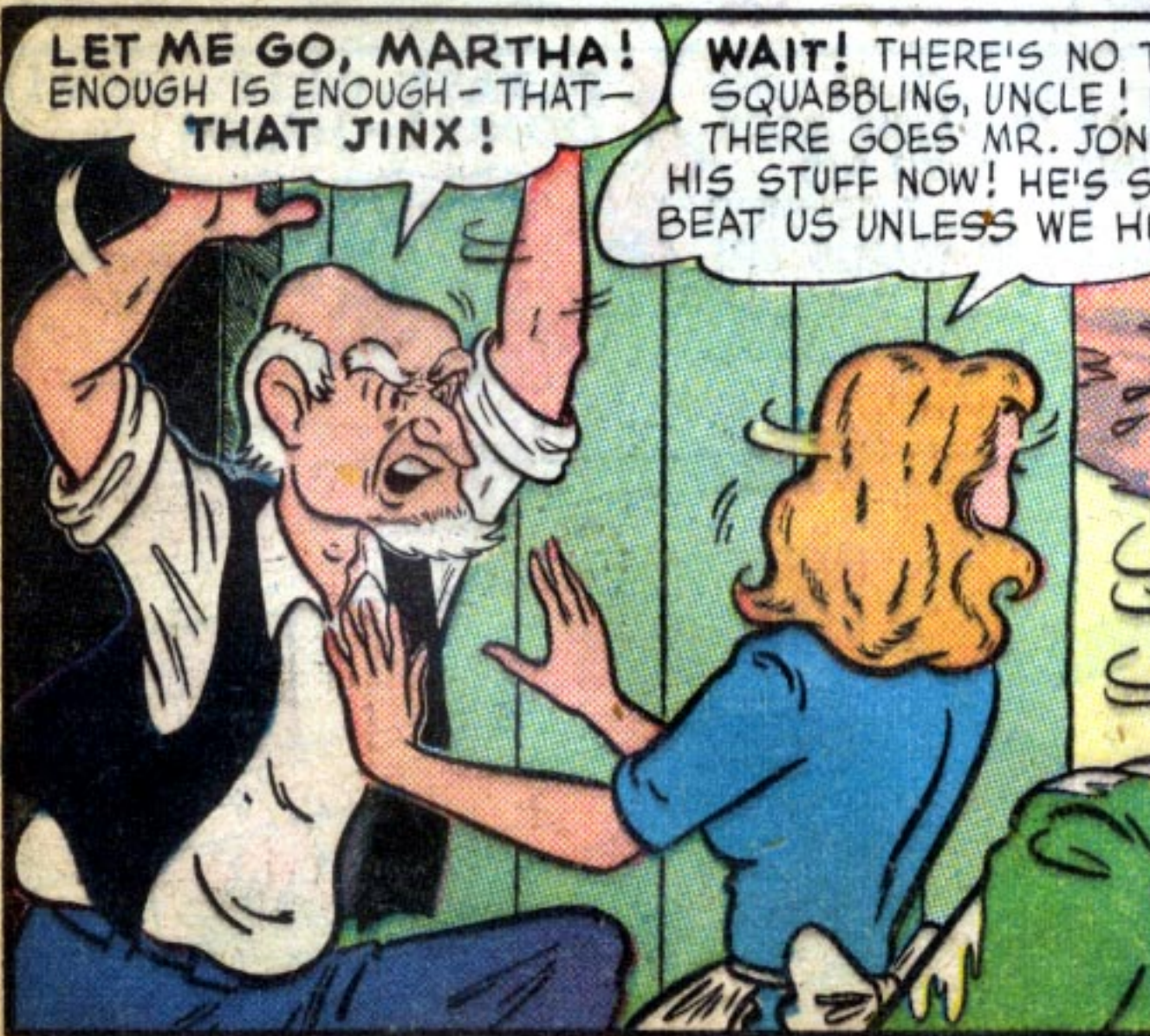
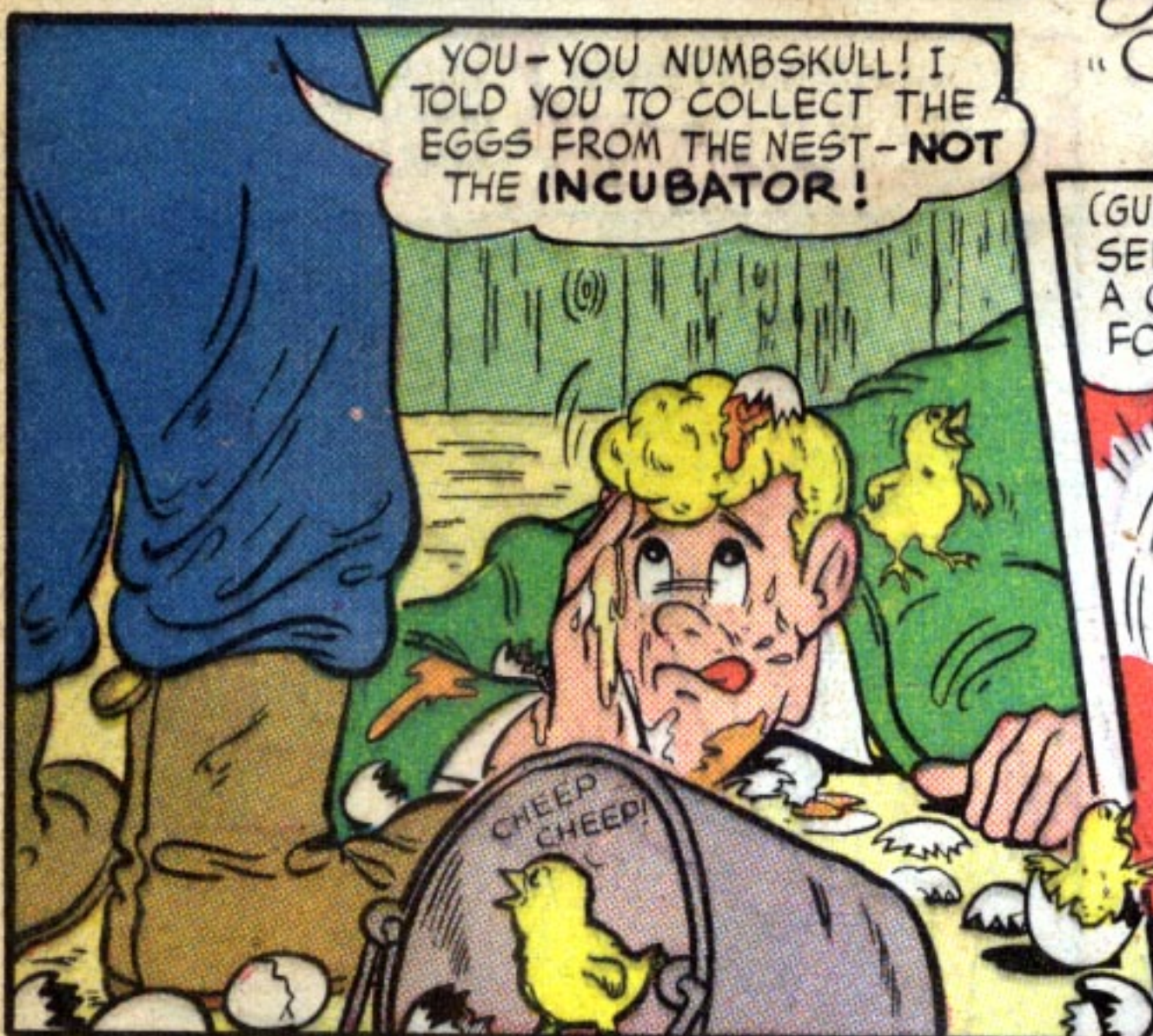
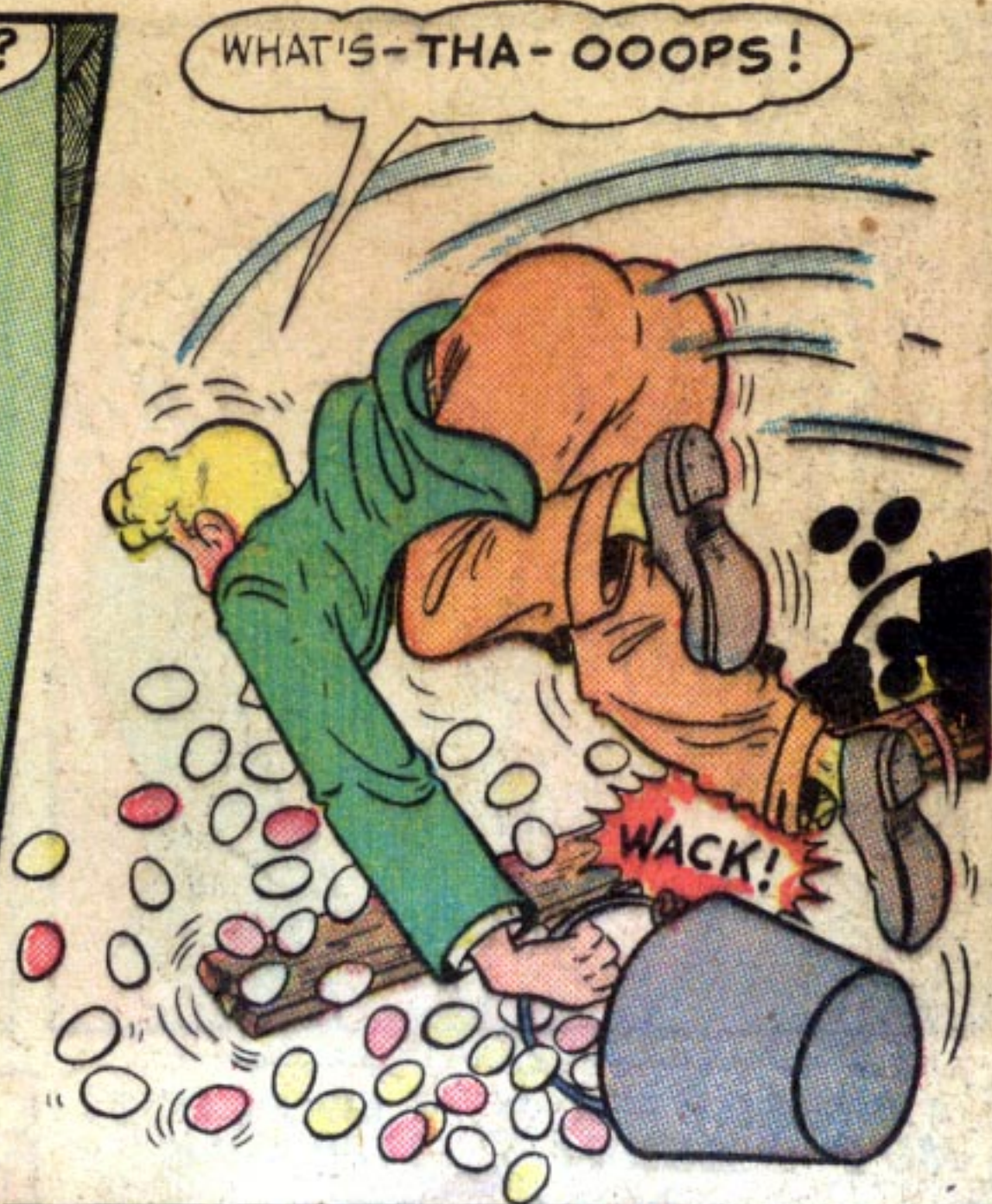
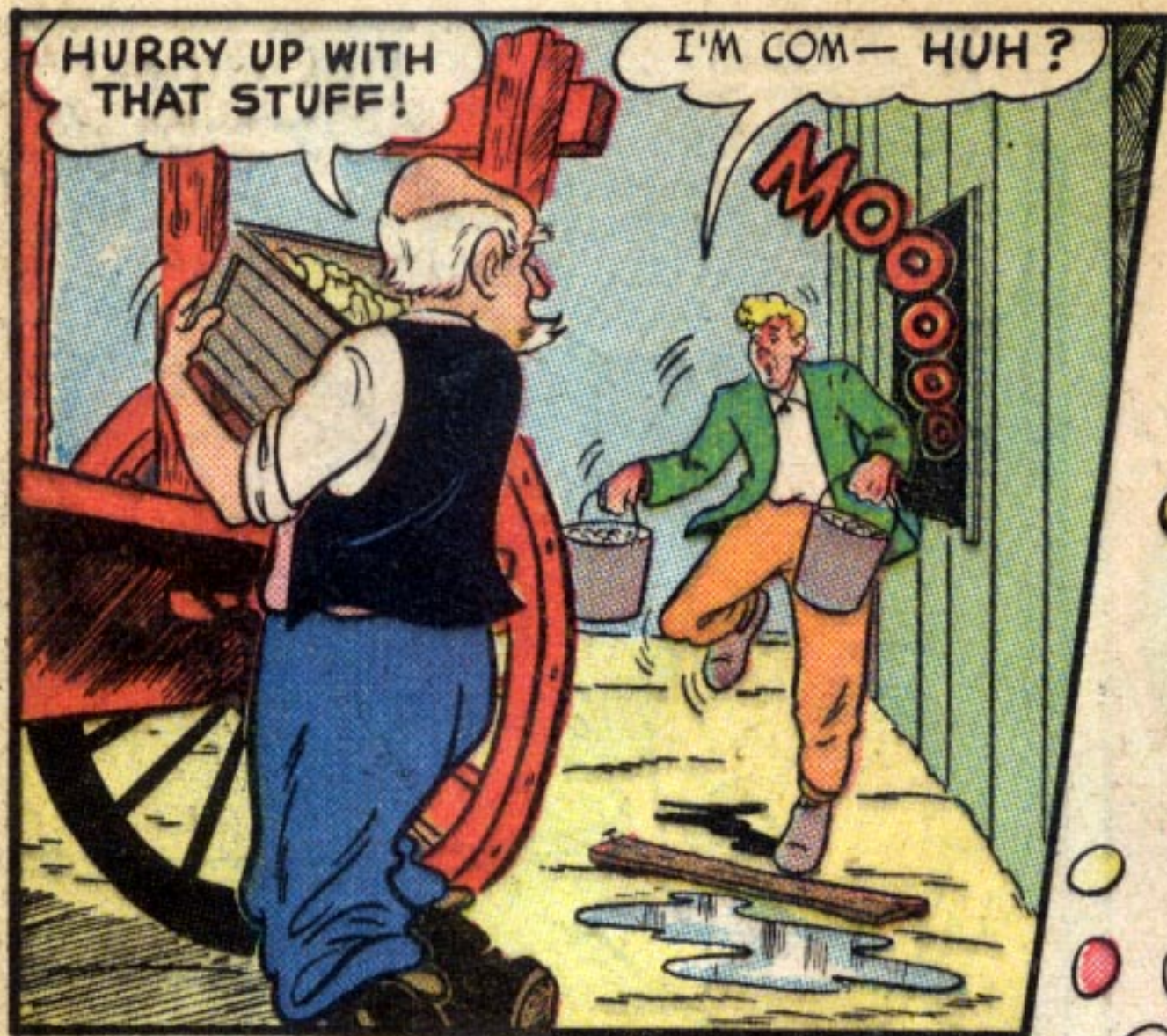
YIIII!



CONSARN YE! SPEAR ME LIKE I WAS CATTLE FODDER, WILL YE!

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT-HONEST-MARR-THA! HELP!

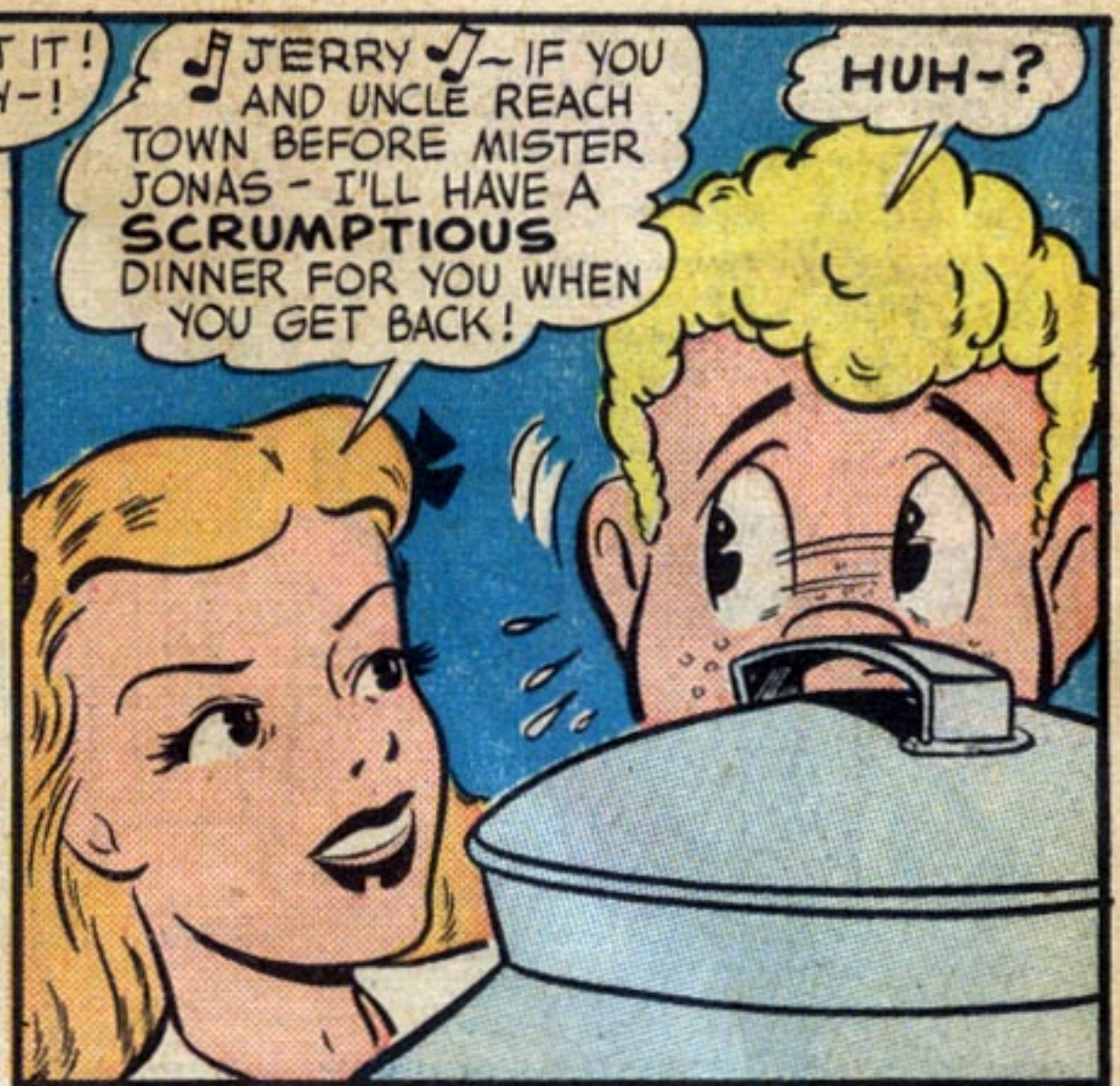






NOW ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN HOLD IT UNTIL I BACK THE HORSE AND WAGON UP?

I - (PUFF) GOT IT! DON'T WORRY -! (PUFF)



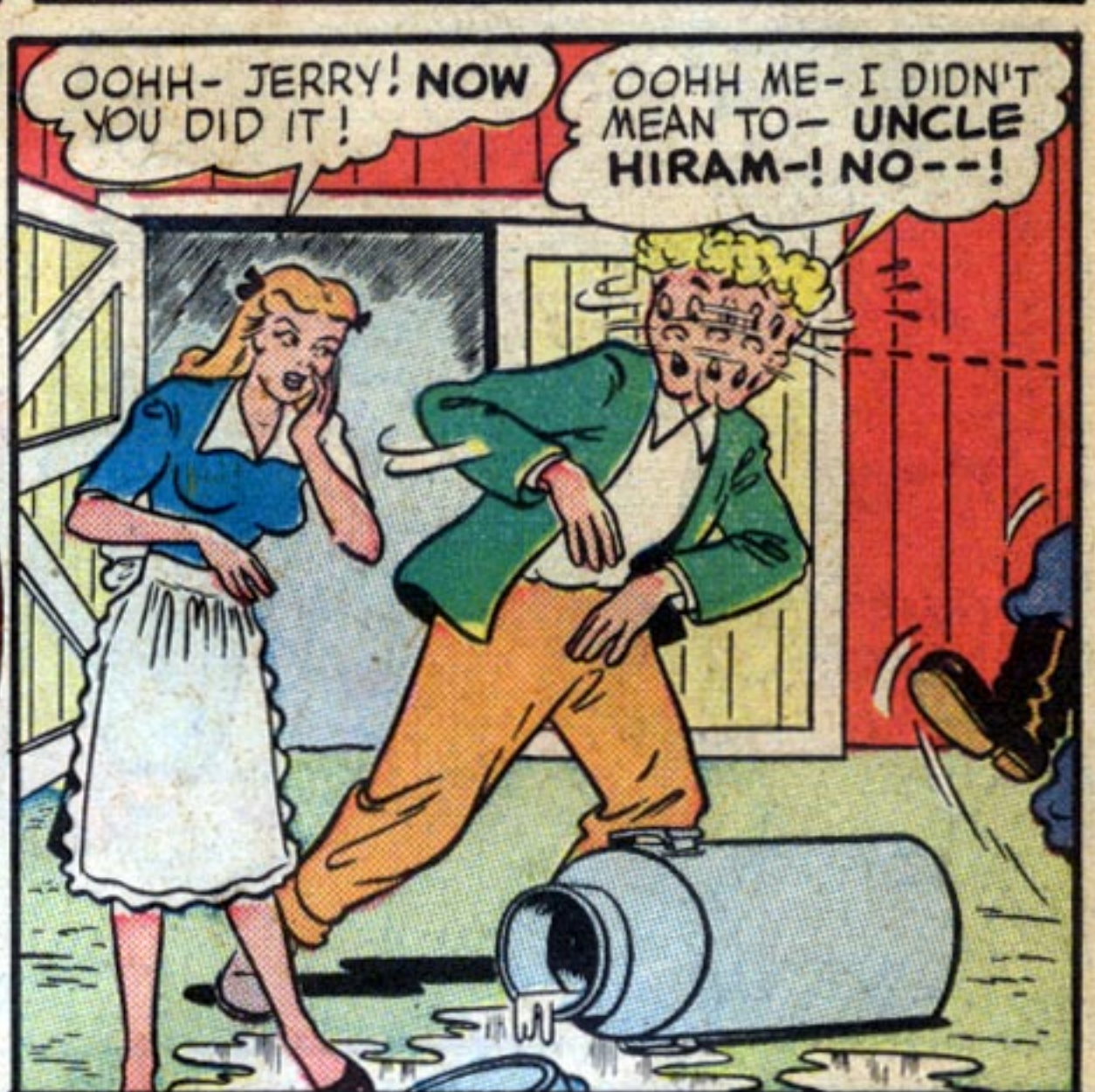
♪ JERRY ♪ - IF YOU AND UNCLE REACH TOWN BEFORE MISTER JONAS - I'LL HAVE A **SCRUMPTIOUS** DINNER FOR YOU WHEN YOU GET BACK!

HUH-?



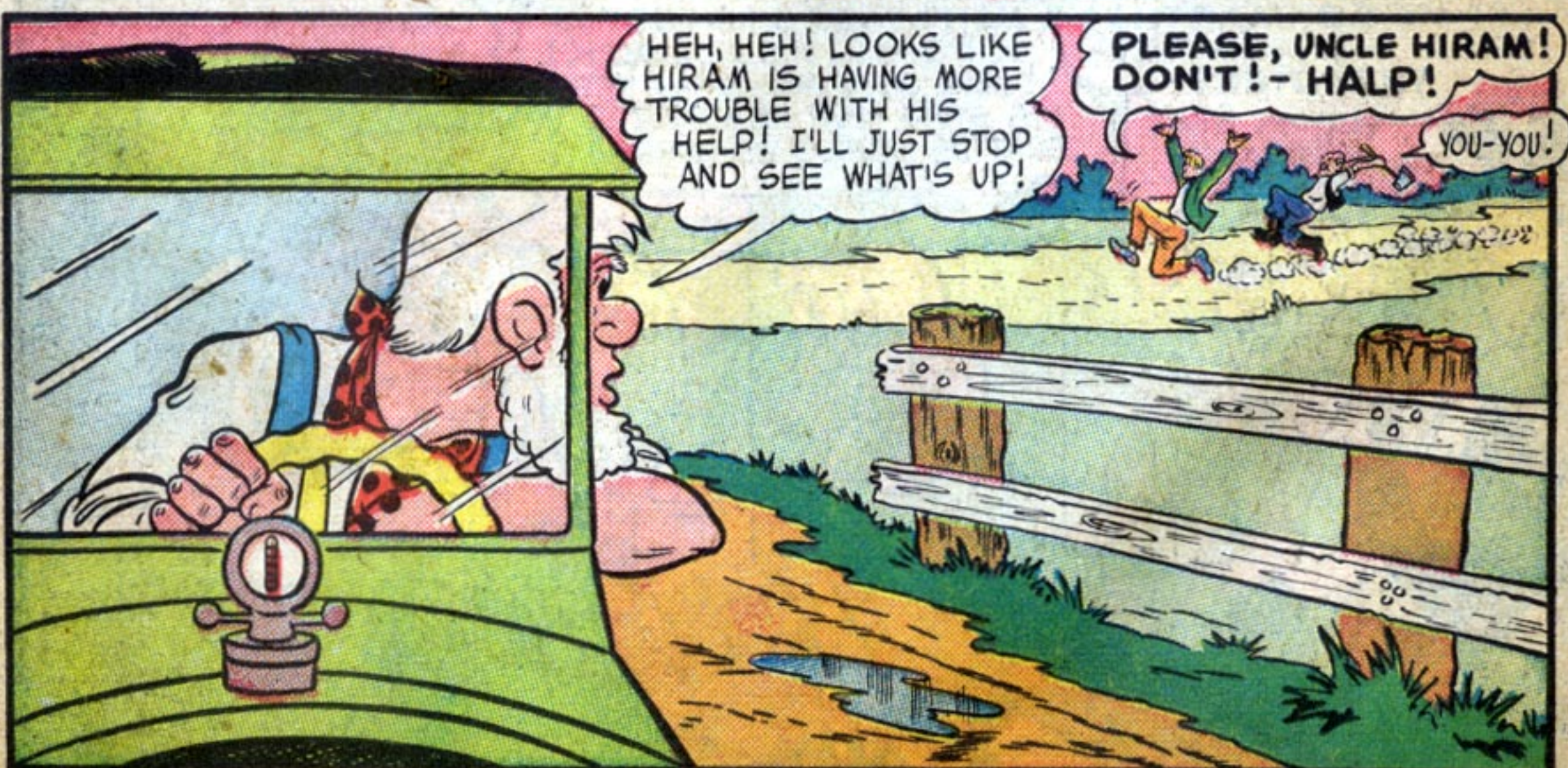
A DINNER? FOR ME? - GEEE!

LOOK OUT! THE MILK!



OOHH - JERRY! NOW YOU DID IT!

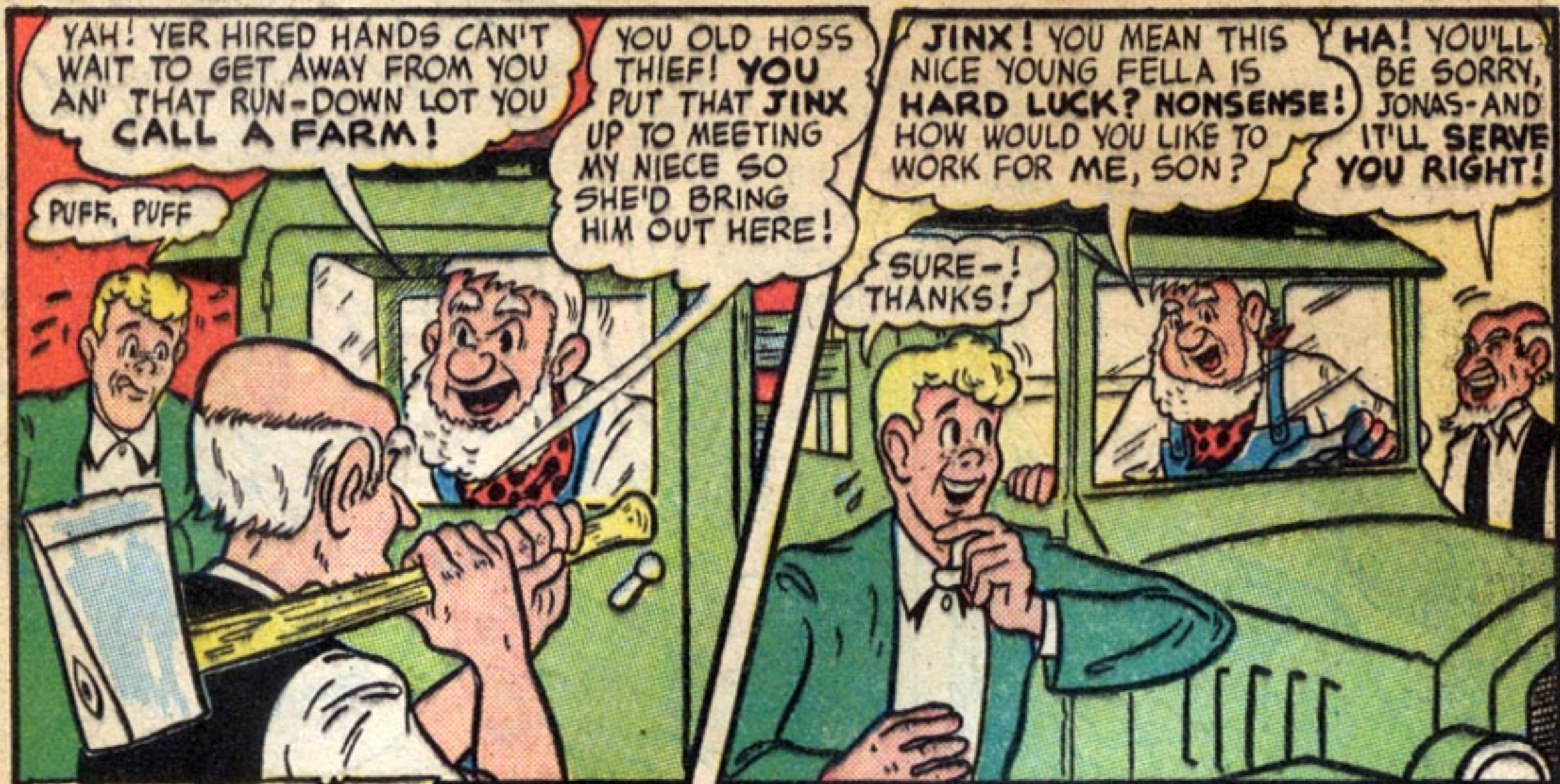
OOHH ME - I DIDN'T MEAN TO - **UNCLE HIRAM! NO---**



HEH, HEH! LOOKS LIKE HIRAM IS HAVING MORE TROUBLE WITH HIS HELP! I'LL JUST STOP AND SEE WHAT'S UP!

PLEASE, UNCLE HIRAM! DON'T! - HALP!

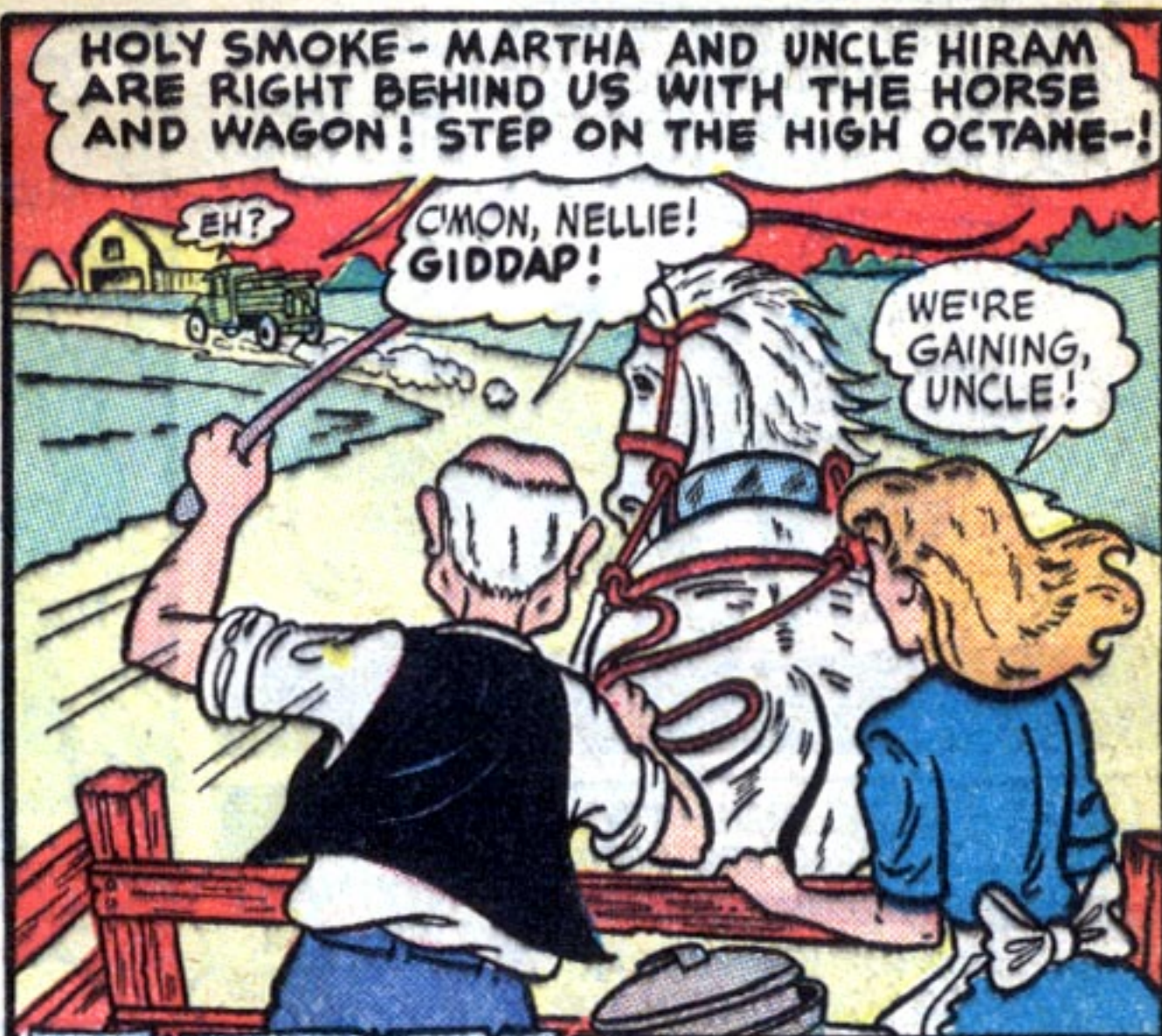
YOU-YOU!



SO - JERRY AND JONAS DRIVE OFF TOGETHER!

HE, HE! RECKON HIRAM WILL BE TH' SORRY ONE! DIDN'T SEE HIS TRUCK NOWHERES! Y'SEE - TH' HOTELS IN TOWN CAN USE JUST SO MUCH OF THIS PRODUCE SO IT'S TH' FIRST ONE IN TOWN THAT SELLS IT!

HEH, HEH! UNCLE HIRAM WILL BLOW HIS TOP!



WITH A FINAL SPUTTER THE VEHICLE COMES TO A DEAD STOP!

DAGNAB IT! SHE WOULD BREAK DOWN ON ME NOW!



DADRATTED INFERNAL MACHINE! MEBBE SHE'S OUTA GAS - I'LL GET A STICK AND WE'LL MEASURE--

THERE'S NO TIME FOR A STICK! I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE IN TH' TANK WITH THIS MATCH!

AS ALWAYS--! JERRY'S IDEA GOES OVER WITH A BANG!

BAROOM!

CAN'T STOP TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED, MARTHA! NELLIE'S SCARED SILLY AN' SHE'S ON HER OWN! **HANG ON!**

THANK GOODNESS SHE'S HEADED FOR TOWN!

D--DON'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER, MR. JONAS! IT WAS AN **ACCIDENT--HONEST--!**

GRRR--YOU'LL SEE WHAT A REAL ACCIDENT LOOKS LIKE WHEN YOU LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR TONIGHT!

LATER-- AT THE TRAIN-- TWO BATTERED CHARACTERS MEET--

YOU LOOK RATHER FAMILIAR, SON! WERE YOU HURT IN THE STAMPEDE WE HAD ABOARD THIS TRAIN ON THE OUTBOUND RUN?

NOT ME! I JUST RAN AN OBSTACLE RACE WITH A HOMICIDAL MANIAC - AND LOST THE LOVE OF MY LIFE!

SVILLE STATION

-WHILE OUTSIDE A HOTEL IN TOWN- MARTHA EXPLAINS TO UNCLE HIRAM!

YOU SEE, UNCLE HIRAM-- EVERYTHING WORKED OUT JUST AS I'D **PLANNED!** I **MEANT** FOR JERRY TO MESS MATTERS UP FOR JONAS!

WAAL, NOW-- SEEIN' AS THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, I CAN'T BLAME YOU FER TH' TROUBLE THAT KID MADE FER ME, MARTHA!

Curly



© ONCE UPON A DAY... CURLY RAN TO ANSWER THE BELL AND...

SHIP AHoy, CAP'N CURLY!

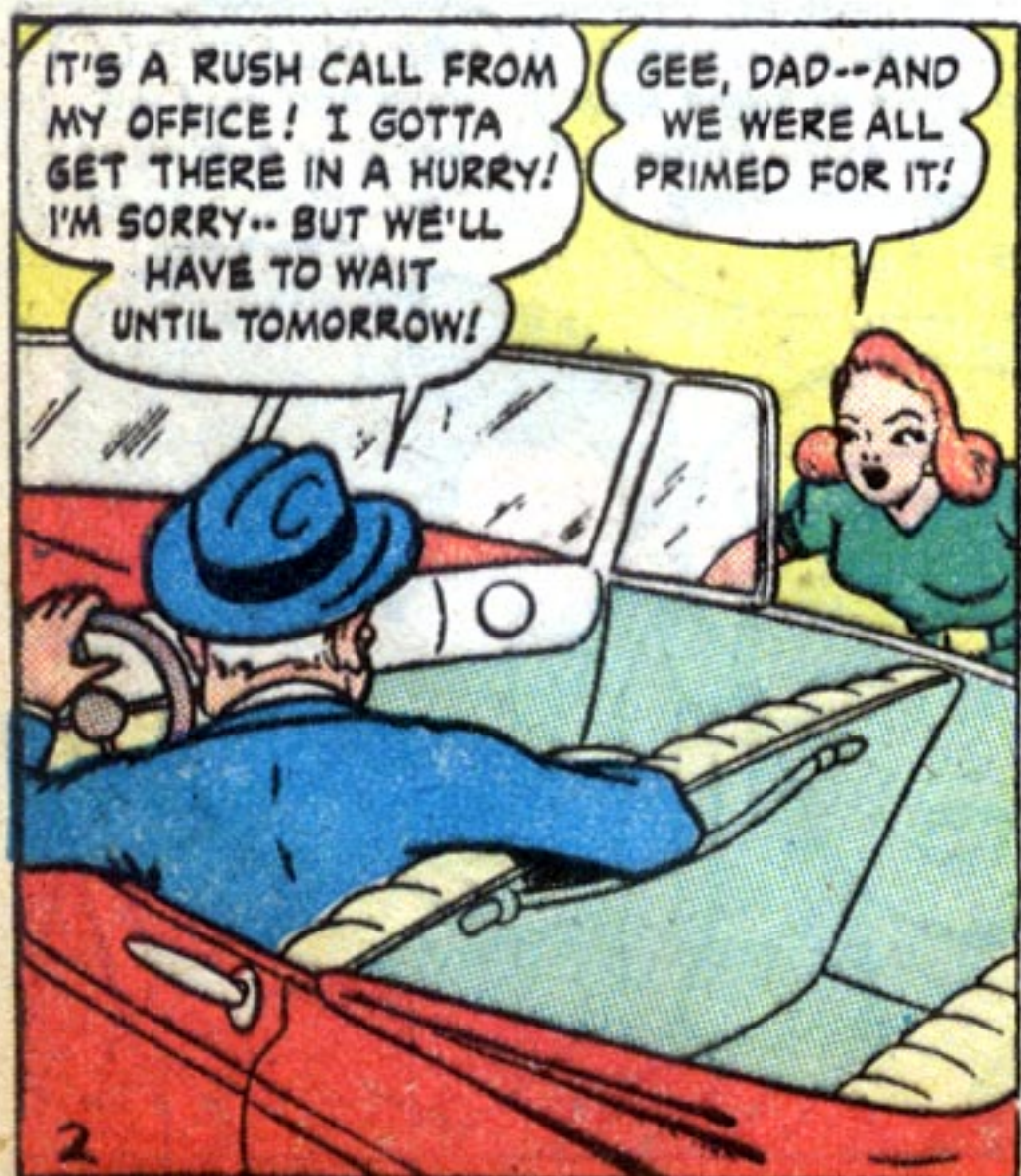
WHAT'S COOKIN' IN THE GALLEY, MY GOOD GAL?



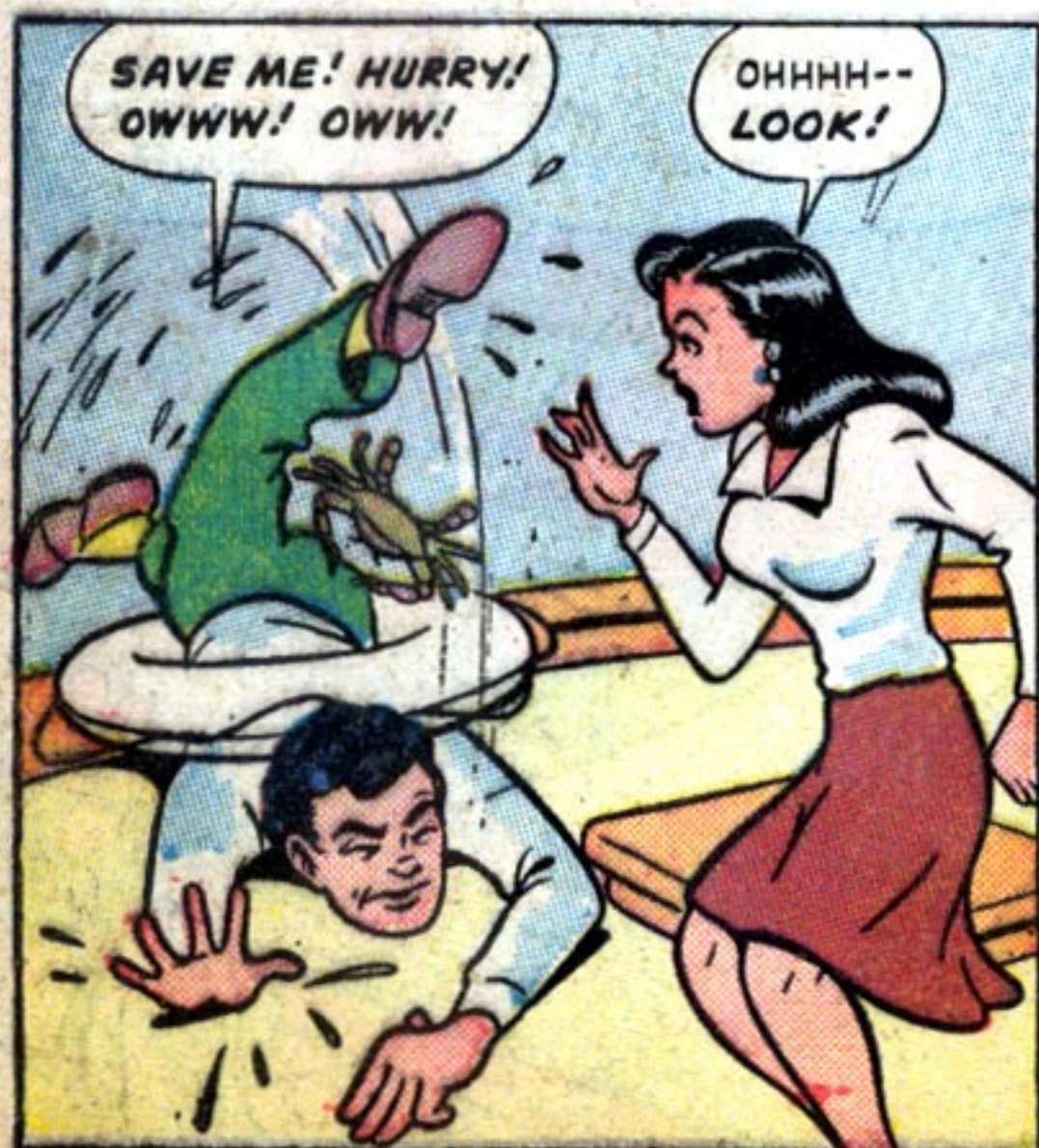
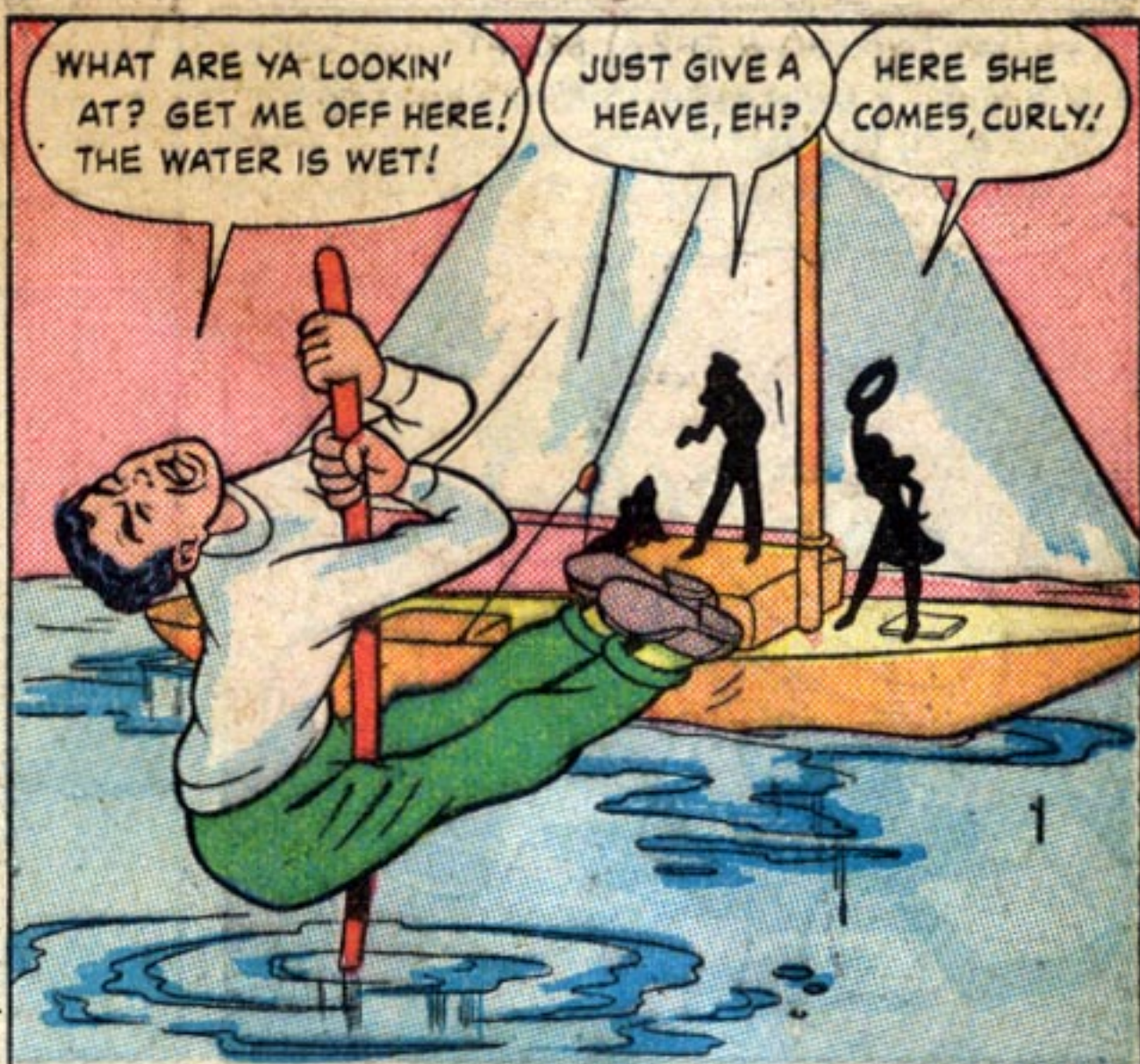
UNCLE ROGER AND MY COUSINS JUST MADE PORT IN THEIR NEW SAIL BOAT--AND--AND--THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE **US** SAILING!

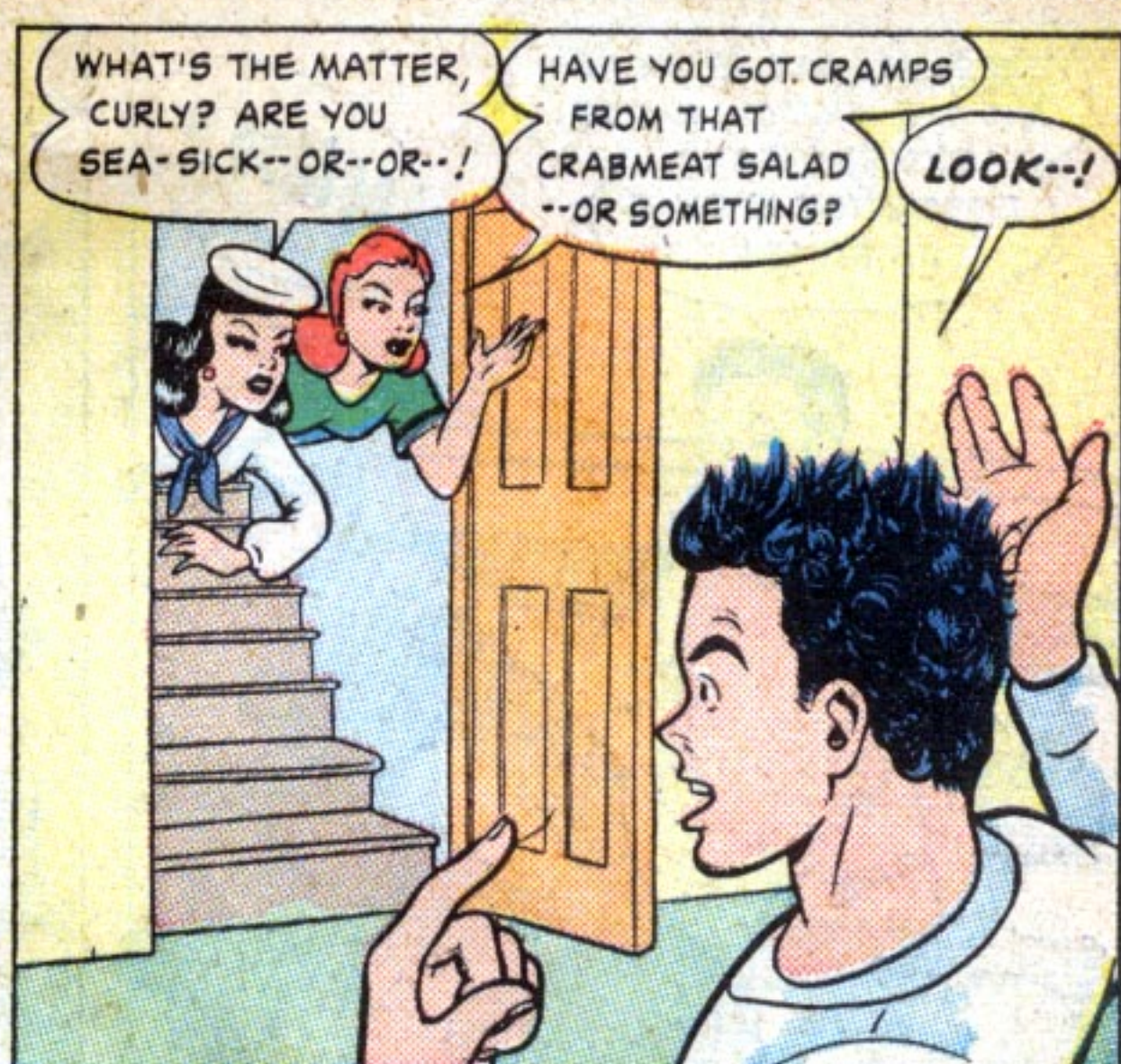
SAILING! SWELL! WAIT FOR ME! BE BACK IN A FLASH!

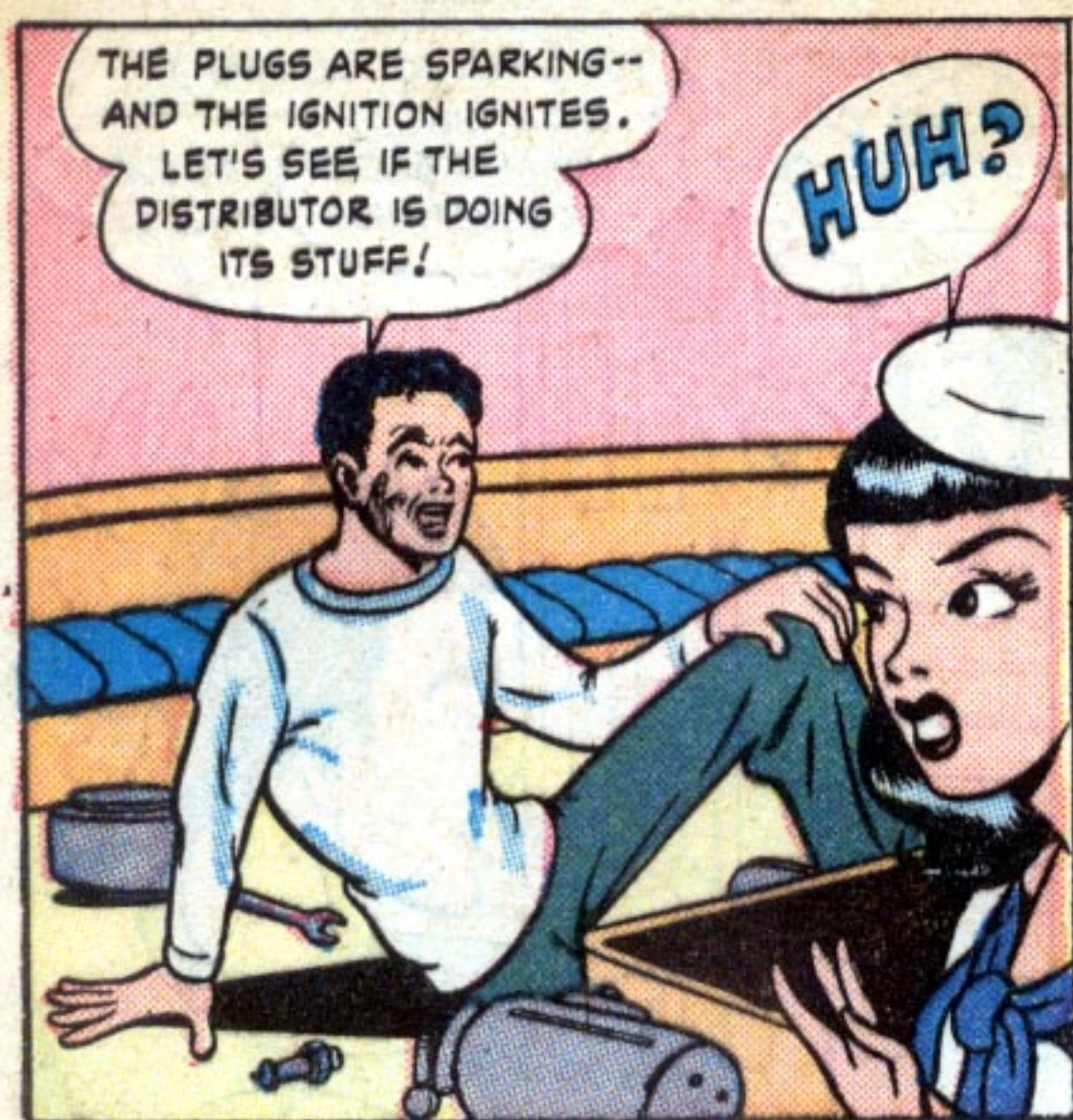




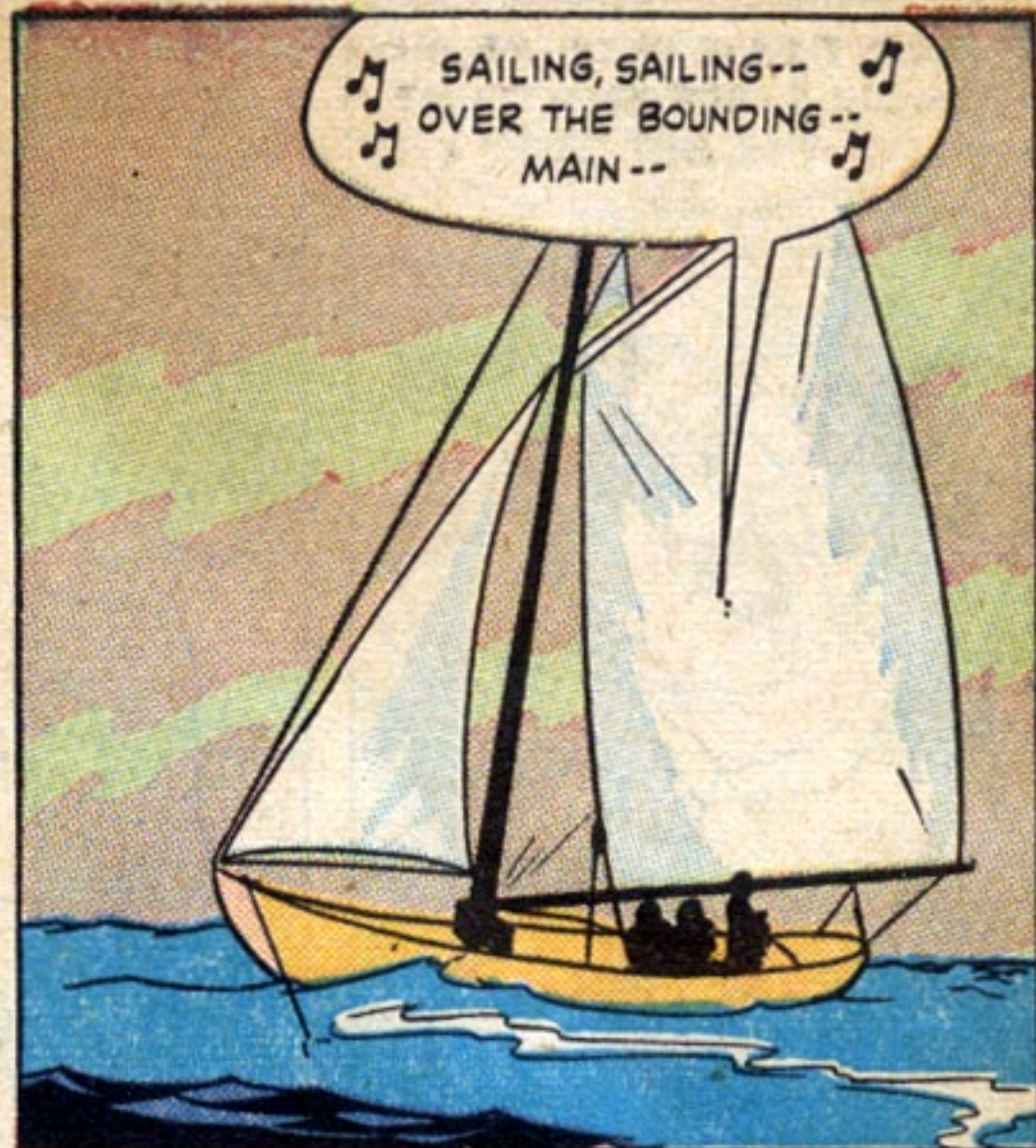
















WOOF!
WOOF!

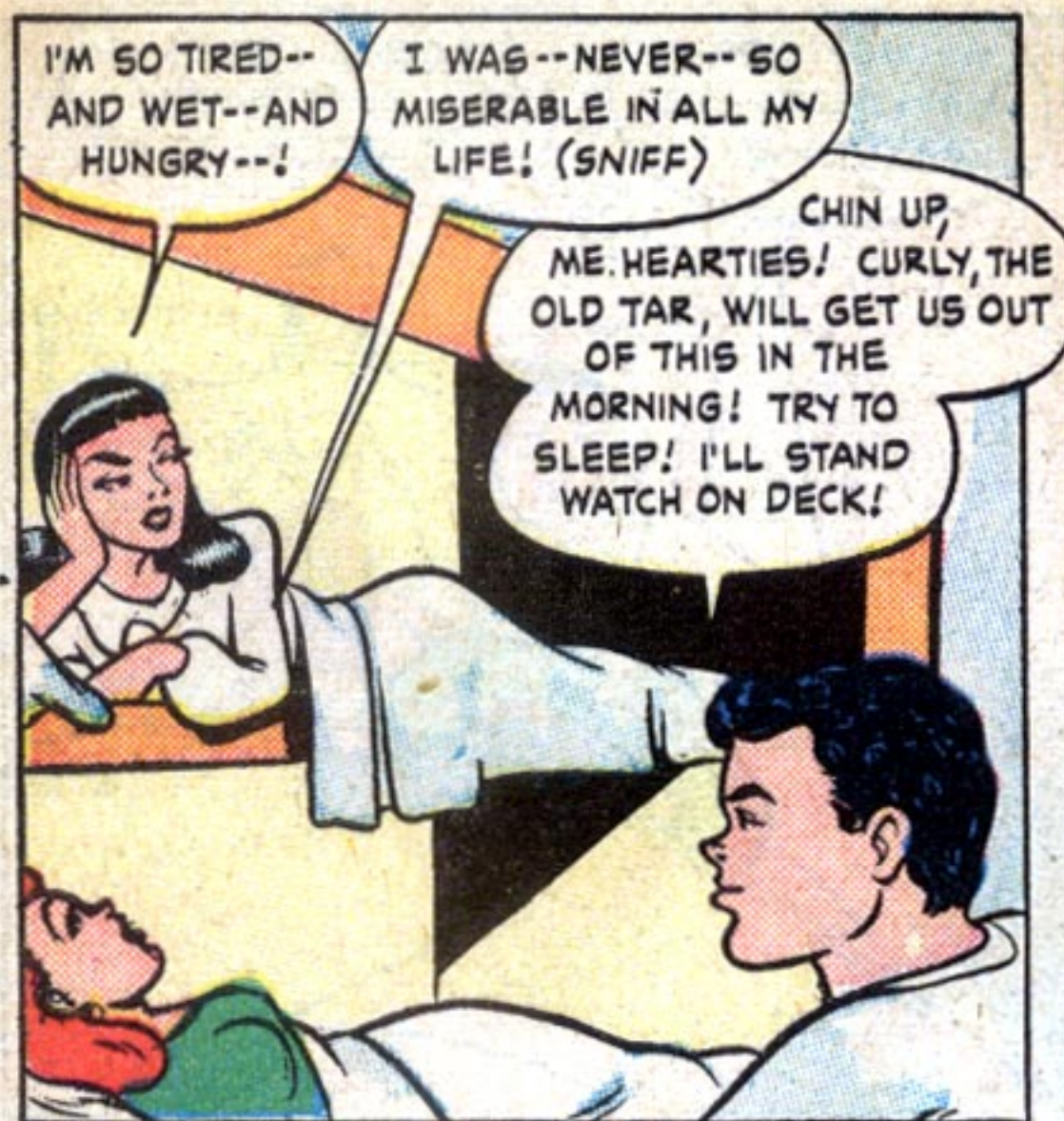
LISTEN!
IT MUST BE THE
BLOODHOUNDS!

IF THEY GET OUR
SCENT, THEY'LL THINK
WE'RE ESCAPED
CONVICTS AND
TEAR US TO PIECES!
QUICK! BACK TO
THE BOAT!



OHH-- IT'S
BEGINNING
TO RAIN!

AT LEAST WE'RE SAFE FROM
THE DOGS! WE'LL STAY HERE
DURING THE NIGHT, AND
I'LL SIGNAL FOR HELP IN
THE MORNING!



I'M SO TIRED--
AND WET--AND
HUNGRY--!

I WAS--NEVER-- SO
MISERABLE IN ALL MY
LIFE! (SNIFF)

CHIN UP,
ME HEARTIES! CURLY, THE
OLD TAR, WILL GET US OUT
OF THIS IN THE
MORNING! TRY TO
SLEEP! I'LL STAND
WATCH ON DECK!



NEXT MORNING--

**CURLY! WAKE UP!
LOOK! THE DOCK!**

WE'RE ONLY
FIFTY YARDS
FROM SHORE!



B-BUT-- HOW DID
WE GET BACK HERE?

**WE NEVER
LEFT HERE!**
YOU'RE NOT
THE SEA WOLF
YOU PRETEND!

YOU ONLY
FORGOT TO RAISE
THE **ANCHOR**,
CURLY!



RED HOT FRANKS! YUMMY!
DON'T FORGET THE MUSTARD,
JOE!

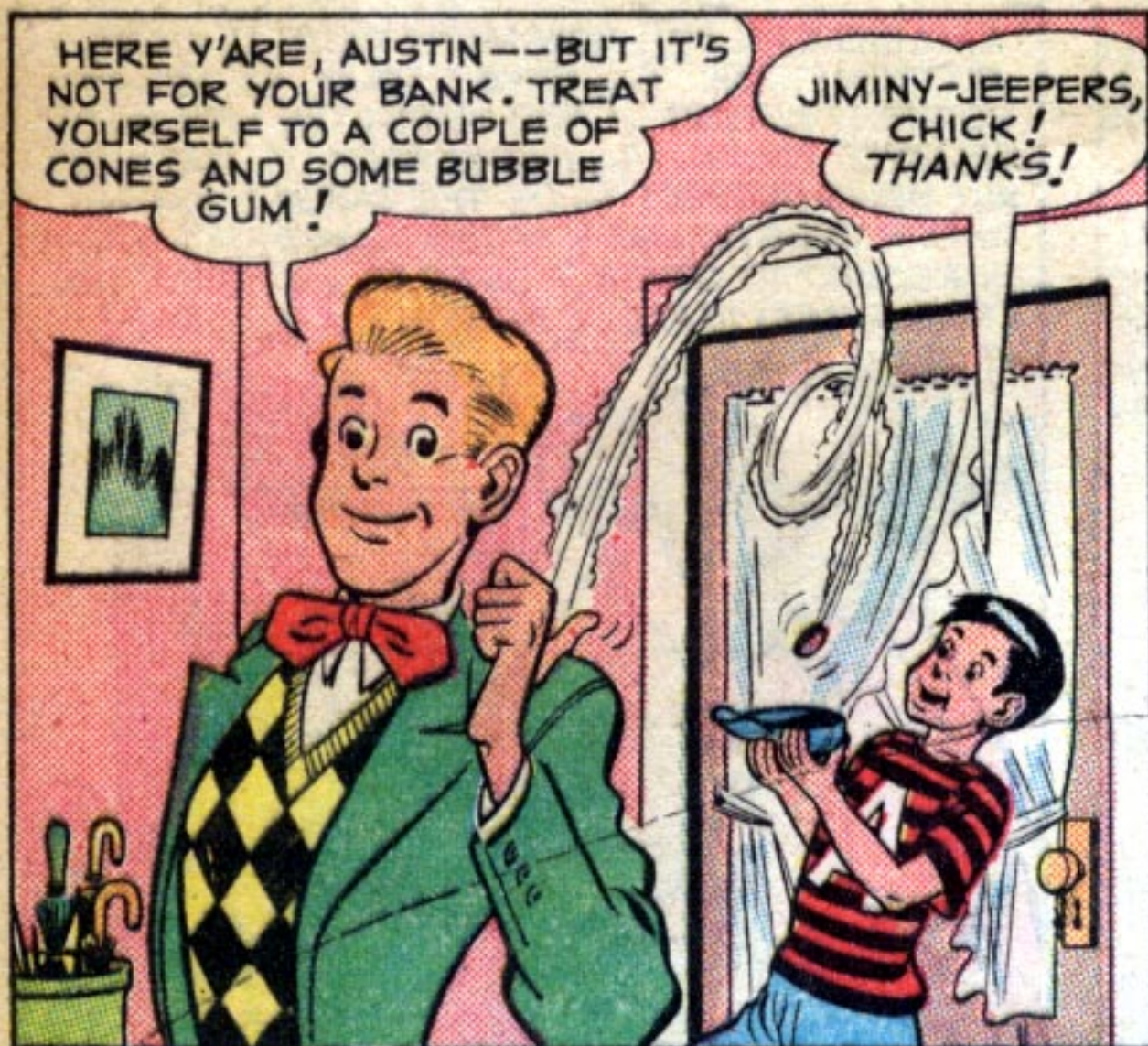
DIDN'T **YOU** FORGET
SOMETHING, BETTE?

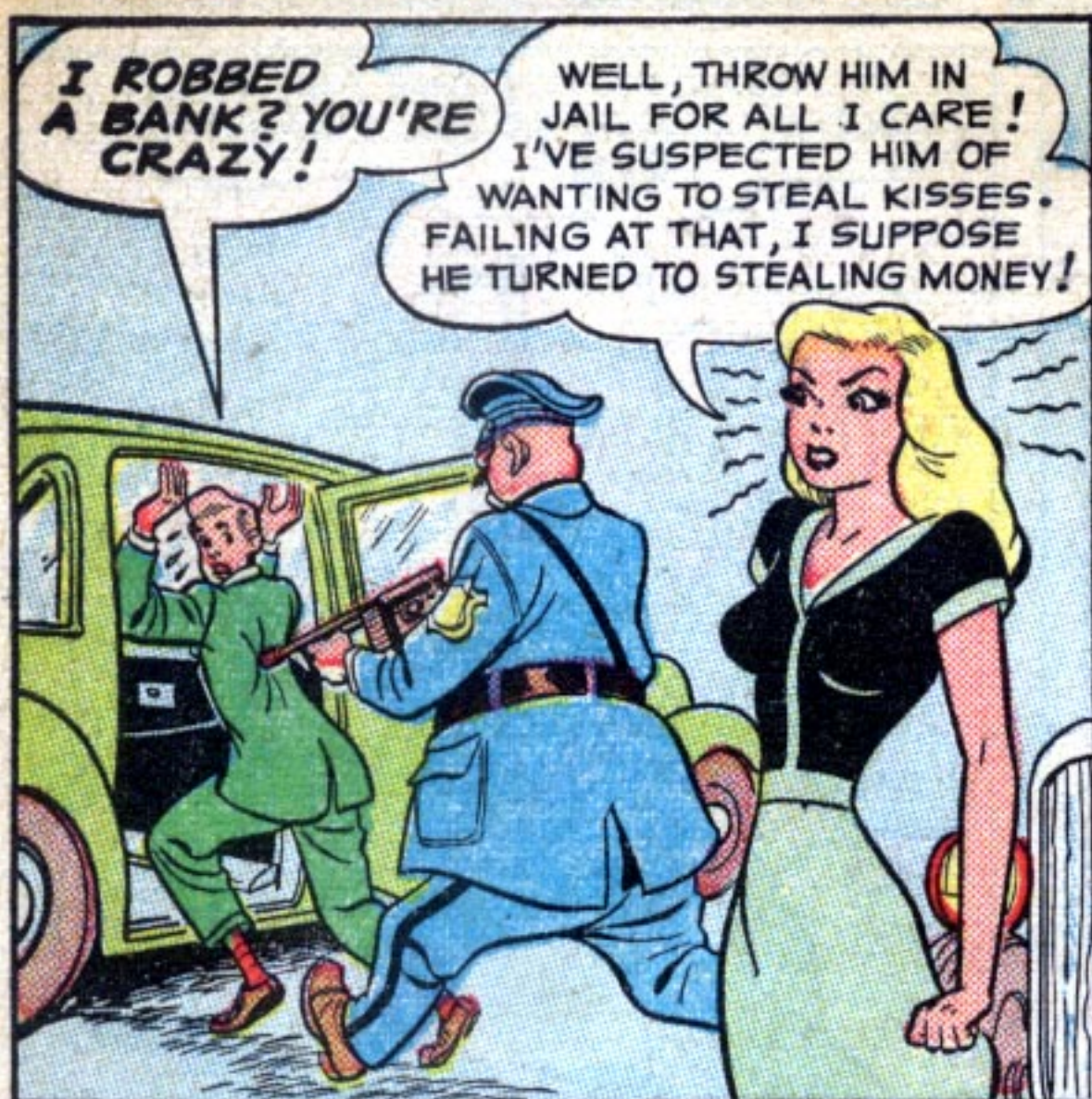
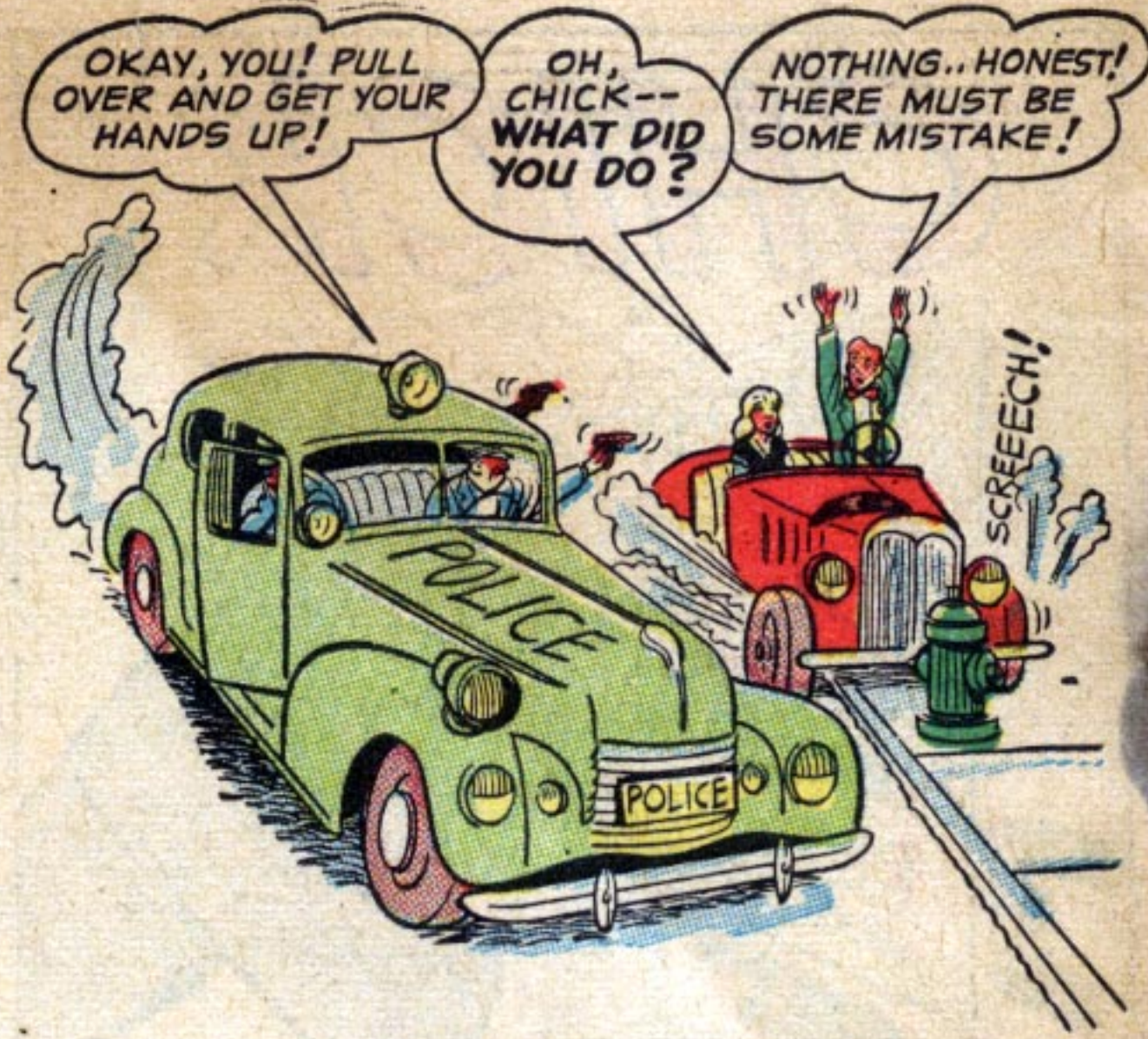
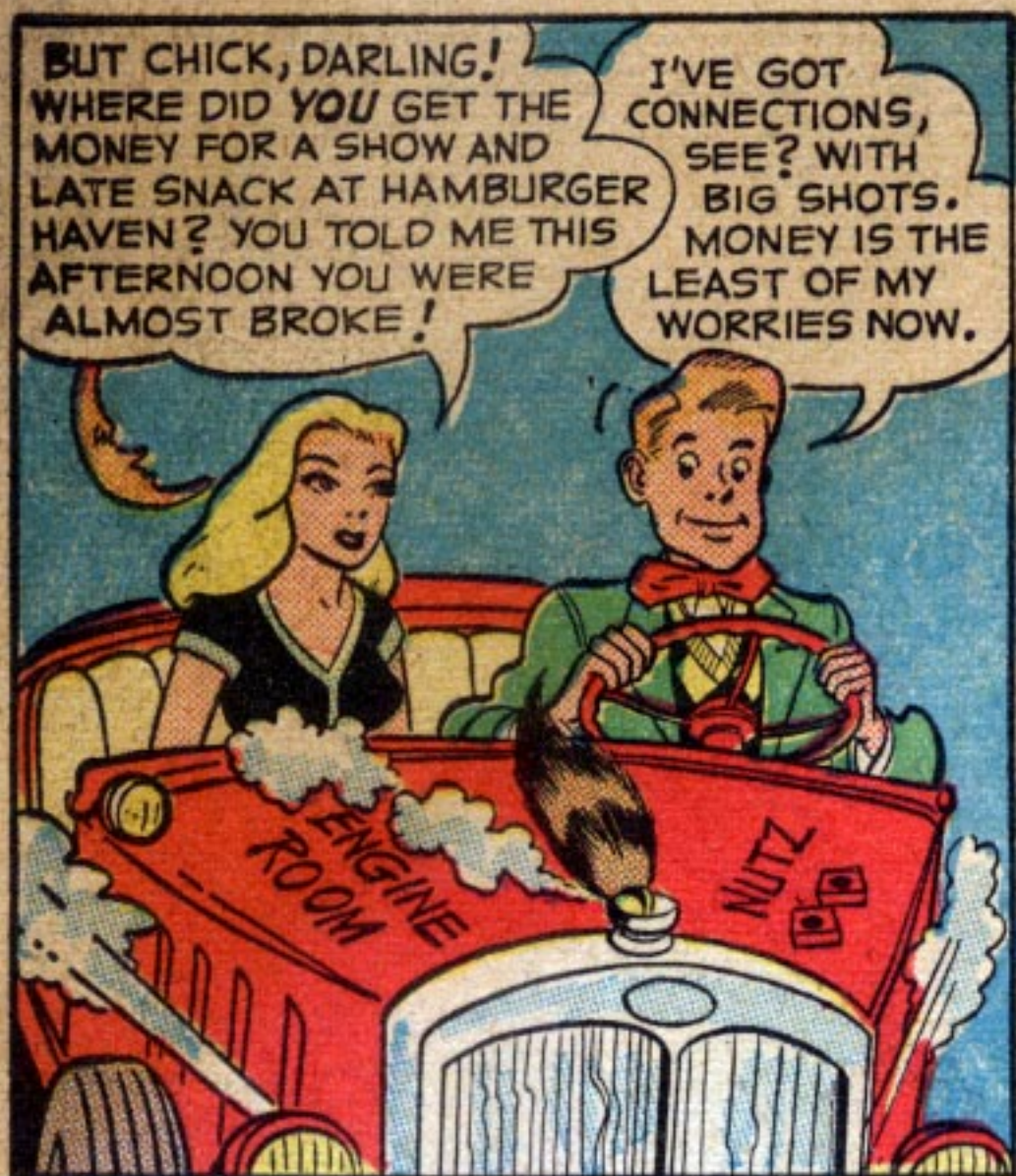
YOU MEAN CURLY?
LET'S **ALL** FORGET
HIM!



HEY, **BETTE!** **TOBY!**
RITA! DON'T LEAVE ME
STRANDED LIKE THIS!
I PROMISE NEVER TO TAKE
YOU SAILING AGAIN!

CHICK





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- 2ND PRIZE • \$5⁰⁰**
- 3RD PRIZE • \$3⁰⁰**
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WIN A CASH PRIZE FOR JUST A SHORT LETTER OF NOT MORE THAN 50 WORDS TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER IN 4-TEENERS COMICS YOU LIKE BEST-AND WHY.

SEND IT TO US POSTMARKED NO LATER THAN APRIL 1, 1948, ALONG WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND-AGE. IN CASE OF A TIE DUPLICATE PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED. DO IT NOW!! HURRY!!

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2. Place coin in slot provided



3. Push plunger all the way in



4. Watch it magically light up!

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IT LIGHTS!
when coin is inserted

only
\$1.69

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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